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## Thoroughbreds

By Salvator

**Eclipse Would Never Have Lived Had Policies Of Fashion Been Kept**

RECENTLY in this department of The Chronicle some comment was made upon the baneful effects of following "the fashion" in the breeding of race horses.

And of its co-ordinated policy of avoiding "unfashionable" families, bloodlines and individuals.

It was pointed out that if we are ever to elevate the breeding of Thoroughbreds to anything even distantly approximating the dignity of a science, such policies must be abandoned.

That in the realm of science—the definition of that term being "organized knowledge"—such terms as "fashionable" and "unfashionable" have no place. That they are opposed to its basic principles and violate all its precepts.

In conclusion it was stated that many of the greatest Thoroughbreds of history would never have been bred had the dictates of fashion been followed.

Perhaps the most illustrious instance of this is no less a horse than the one unanimously acknowledged to be the greatest that has ever been known—or, in all likelihood, ever will be.

The reference, of course, is to Eclipse.

"As every schoolboy knows" Eclipse was never beaten.

He won 16 consecutive races, most of them at 4-mile heats. In his very first start he distanced the entire field, giving rise to the famous catch phrase "Eclipse first, the rest nowhere."

In a majority of the others he squandered his fields.

Again and again the other entrants refused to start against him and he walked over.

When retired to the stud he proved the premier progenitor of all time.

Of present-day race horses it has been estimated that nine out of every ten (if not really a still greater proportion) not only trace directly back to him in the male line, but have well-nigh innumerable collateral crosses of his blood.

Those not directly descended from him in tail-male are all saturated with his blood through other channels.

But, if the dictates of fashion had been followed, Eclipse would never have been bred; or, if bred, would never afterward have been heard of.

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## T. R. A. First National Body Of Racetracks

**32 Of Foremost Tracks In Wide Cross Section Of Country Are Members**

At its annual meeting in December the Thoroughbred Racing Association's elections once again stressed the fact that the T. R. A. is a national organization of racetracks. Thirty-two of the foremost tracks in the country are members, the list extending from the New England States to Florida, across to California and up to Seattle, Washington. This was reflected in the election of Harry Parr III, of Pimlico, as President; Carleton Burke, of Santa Anita, Vice-President and Major Louie Beard, of Keeneland, and Eugene Mori, of Garden State Park, as directors, thus increasing the board from seven to nine members.

Of a famous Maryland racing family, Harry Parr III is ideally fitted for his new post, even though he is one of the Association's youngest directors. Member of a large Baltimore insurance firm, he is a business man and yet a sportsman striving to maintain the traditions on which the sport has progressed through the years. At the Pimlico Fall Meeting—a meeting of all four major tracks in Maryland—he balanced affairs so that all made a profit and still the public was given the highest brand

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## Pony Club Enjoys Exciting Visit To Eglinton Kennels

**Sid Abbott Gives Canadian Youngsters Some Ideas On Keeping Hounds**

By Broadview

The day started at 10:30 a. m., meeting at the Eglinton Hunt stables. The Junior hunt members mounted on their own horses were joined by a number of other Pony Club members on horses hired from nearby riding stables. Several beginners whose hired horses wished to return home caused some delay but all was straightened away when the other members lent a helping hand. We rode for almost an hour and then returned to the club to join those who did not ride.

Headquarters were established in one of the little houses from the Canadian National Exhibition which was donated to the Pony Club by Mr. Elwood Hughes, general manager, and was erected on the hunt club grounds. Col. Walter Rawlinson has very kindly given us a book case to start a library and the children had brought numerous books to fill the shelves. Miss Jane Anne Rees is the librarian and the rest of the morning was taken up by marking the books and the children selecting which ones they would take home. Books on horses are very difficult to find now and this idea of estab-

Continued on Page Ten

## War Relief And Charities Gain \$5,395,239 From Racing In 1943

**Bay Meadows Makes Largest Contribution Of Tracks In This Country**

Happy New Year wishes have been sent or said on the four corners of the earth and the never diminishing interest in the racing world is the center of conversation. The past year of high priced yearlings, track contributions to war relief and charities, the pleasant and unpleasant phases in racing for 1943 is over and the current season is awaited eagerly to see what it has to offer.

Back in 1943 the war relief and charities received \$5,395,239 from the tracks in the U. S. A., headed by Bay Meadows contribution of \$1,177,994. The various states benefited to the tune of \$32,534,484 from racing. The contributions from the tracks are as follows:

Aqueduct .....	\$ 142,153
Arlington Park .....	104,624
Bay Meadows .....	1,177,994
Belmont Park .....	114,008
Beulah Park .....	18,000
Charles Town .....	33,297
Churchill Downs .....	248,290
Dade Park .....	6,000
Detroit Fair Grounds....	464,649
Empire City .....	128,424
Garden State Park .....	50,000
Hawthorne .....	115,071
Jamaica .....	96,324
Keeneland .....	16,797
Lincoln Fields .....	101,000
Narragansett Park.....	149,270
N. O. Fair Grounds (estimated) .....	191,627
Oaklawn Park .....	28,307
Pascoag Park (estimated)	30,000
Pimlico (Spring) .....	80,351
Pimlico (Fall—Pimlico, Laurel, Havre de Grace and Bowie) .....	186,791
Rockingham Park.....	111,337
Saratoga .....	84,110
Sportsman's Park.....	382,000
Suffolk Downs .....	635,884
United Hunts (estimated)	10,000
Victory Meeting (N. Y.)..	628,818
Washington Park .....	121,874
Wheeling Downs .....	41,233
Ak-Sar-Ben, Akron, O., Hamilton, O., Columbia, S. C., Fairmount Park, Ill. and other tracks (estimated) .....	20,000
Related or allied industries .....	50,000

TOTAL \$5,395,239

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## Sporting Reminiscences

By Foxhunter Abroad

(Copyright reserved)

"So I wish you good speed, a good line and lead  
With the luck of each fence where it's low,  
Not the last of the troop may you hear the Who-Whoop  
Well pleased as you heard Tally-Ho."  
—Whybe Melville.

Much water has passed under the bridge since the pen was laid aside, and "Finis" was scribbled at the end of the last chapter.

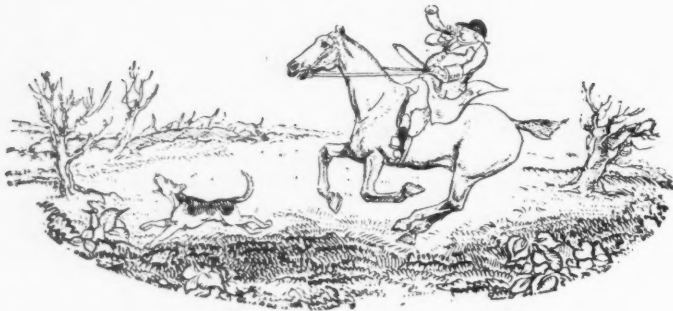
When one casts back to the days at the end of 1938 when the Italians were shouting "Tunis and Corsica for the Italians"; when Daladier came over to visit Corsica to boost up the Corsicans; when every French and Corsican of the working class was seldom to be seen without the

inevitable fag end of a cigarette stuck to his underlip, to imitate their great Daladier, it makes a contrast to what one hears in 1942 of the unenviable position of this once great country, smitten, starving, brow-beaten and kow-towing to their goose-stepping invaders.

Corsica, which has come to little into the lime-light, has, from what one can hear, not been occupied by the Italians, and presumably has been receiving its quota of wheat and grain supplies from Algeria, although probably on a smaller scale than in the piping times of peace, no doubt "la chasse etait fermee", and as after the War of 1914-18 le gibier should have increased, and when the curtain falls down on this War—the

Continued on Page Twelve

# Hunting Notes:-



## An American Officer's First Day With English Foxhounds

By A. Henry Higginson, M. F. H.

My first day behind hounds in England was more than thirty years ago; but I have a very vivid memory of it. I had hunted for more than fifteen years in America, and knew the game as we play it over there thoroughly; moreover I had read the accounts of many of the great hunts of the past, written by men who not only had participated in them but who had also the gift of telling their stories in such a way as to bring the incidents vividly before one's vision—men like "Brooksbury" and Whyte-Melville and "Nimrod" whose descriptions almost made one feel that one had been there. In spite, however, of these facts I don't think that I had realized until that first day when I motored to Greens Norton with Charlie McNeill, the Master of the Grafton, how universally the sport was participated in by everyone in the countryside; from the labourers working on the side of the road to the oldest member of the Field. To be sure, it was a fashionable meet and I knew that the turnout would be a large one; but I did not imagine that, on a hunting day in a hunting country, everything and everybody was subservient to the hunting.

I had a good day—a day which I shall never forget;—for we had forty minutes over the cream of the country and hounds killed at the end. The Master gave the mask to me and it hangs in my hall today. I make these preliminary remarks about my first day's hunting in England because I think it may explain better my appreciation of the feelings of one of my countrymen who came out recently with the hounds of which I am Master. Conditions are very different today from what they were in those days, thirty-two years ago. England was not at war and the hunting field had not been stripped of most of its followers. Moreover, the countryside had not been scarred by the tractors which have ripped up the hundred-year-old turf which made the Shires famous throughout the world. I suppose it will be many years before we see such turf again. The pack of which I have the honour to be Senior Joint-Master now, is supported not only by the Squirearchy and the great landowners, but also by the Yeomen Farmers who till the soil as their fathers have done for many generations. But if the conditions of farming are somewhat different, the spirit of the farmers is the same and they are as keen as were their fathers and grandfathers before them.

It so happened that on the day of which I am writing the meet was at Chebbard Farm in the South Dorset country and when I arrived there it was to find no large gathering, as in the days before the War, which has taken many of the Field who are serving their country in distant lands. There were, however, a number of children home for the Christmas holidays, a few of the fair sex who had stolen away from their household duties for an hour or two, half a dozen farmers, and, I am happy to say, three men in uniform. Two of them I knew for they had been out before, and the owner of the farm at which the meet was held introduced me to the third, who, I noticed, wore the silver oak leaves of an American Lieutenant Colonel.

"This is a countryman of yours, Master," he said. "He's having his first day's fox hunting." I held out my hand. "Where do you come from, Colonel?" I asked. "I'm from New England—Boston—and I'm very glad to have you out with me." The Colonel—he was scarcely more than a boy—smiled as he answered, with the Southern drawl we Northerners know so well. "I'm from Alabama, Suh, an' mighty glad to know you; it's my first day's fox huntin' an' I haven't been on a horse for six years, so I'll probably fall off; but I'll try to follow you."

"Don't follow me", I said, "I've been in the hospital for two months and I shan't stay out late anyway. You follow Mr. Edward Tory; he's over there on that chestnut horse." Just then the hounds came down the road from the kennels and my guest's attention immediately turned to them. "How many dawgs have you got there?" he said.

"About fifteen couple", I answered. "How many hounds this morning, Traves?" I asked the Huntsman. "Sixteen and a half couple, Sir," he answered—"the half couple to kill our fox with." Colonel Yorke looked a bit mystified till I explained to him the professional English Huntsman's habit of never taking out an even number of hounds if he could possibly avoid it. "That's the Huntsman," I explained, "and the other man riding with him is the Whipper-in. We usually have two, but we are short of men just now."

We were just about to start off when a British General Officer—a veteran of the last Great War—rode up. I introduced the American to him and as we three rode up the field together towards the first covert Colonel Yorke said, "Do you think

we'll find a fox, Suh?" The General said, "You'll find a fox inside of fifteen minutes," and he was right; for, although there wasn't one in the first covert, we had hardly begun drawing Farmer Bennett's root-field before there came a holloa from the far end and hounds going to it, we were away in a jiffy.

It was not much of a run,—the first hunt that morning—it only lasted about twenty-five minutes and there were scarcely any fences,—but it was a nice open piece of country and it gave the American Colonel a good chance to see hounds driving on in front of us. For there was a scent, and once they had settled to the line, they ran well and marked their fox to ground handsomely, in a big earth where he was safe in spite of our desire to bolt him. If we had had a terrier out we might have had some more fun; but terrier-boys and second-horsemen are luxuries which are not in evidence in these days, as I explained to my guest.

For the next hour and a half we had no luck and, as I had to go in myself at one o'clock, I bade goodbye to the Colonel and told him that, with any sort of luck, he might get a hunt. "I reckon I ought to be goin' in too," he said. "Maybe I'll come along with you." I admonished him to do nothing of the sort and finally persuaded him to stay on, and the sequel shows that I was right. I got home myself about 2:00 and it was after 4:30 when my Huntsman rang me up from the kennels ten miles away. "What sort of a day did you have, George?" I said. "What happened after I left?" Well, Sir," he answered, "we had a grand hunt; a six mile point if it was a yard. Hounds ran like blazes and that American Colonel, Sir, he had a grand time and rode like an old hand. There was only him and Mr. Tory and me when I stopped them a mile the other side of Plush."

The Colonel came to dine with me that night and told me that he had had the time of his life. "I had never been out foxhunting before," he said, "but I'd heard a lot about it. I must say it's a grand sport. It was about an hour after you left an' I was just beginnin' to wonder if I hadn't better go in, when Mr. Tory who sort of took care of me after you left, suddenly pointed to the edge of the wood that hounds were drawin' and said, 'There he is; look at him. Don't holler yet; you'll turn him back.' Well, Suh, I had a good look at that fox—we must have come within 30 yards of him—and he didn't seem in a bit of a hurry, although the dawgs were barkin'—I should say 'givin' tongue,' shouldn't

I?—in the covert. He was a beautiful great big fox and when he got past us, Mr. Tory hollered and then he began to run. The hounds came out of the wood an' the Huntsman with 'em an' we were away. They ran right past our camp an' on up the valley till we got past Piddletrenthide—where the general lives—and that mare Mr. Terry put me on, that had been sort of lazy at first, seemed to wake up, for she galloped an' jumped as if she just loved the game. We crossed the road above Piddletrenthide an' ran close by Mr. Frank Tory's farm, and past a wood, they called Hanover. I thought they were goin' to catch him there, but a fresh fox got up an' took 'em on—sort of like a fresh man in a relay race—an' about a mile further on, everybody except Mr. Tory an' Mr. Miller an' the Huntsman an' I had dropped behind; so they thought they'd stop the dawgs; an' I came home. But I had a great time—I don't wonder you all love it so much. I'm comin' out again if I have to beg, borrow, or steal a horse."

He has been as good as his word and one of these days, if he has any luck, he will drop into a really good hunt, with a kill at the end of it; so that I can give him a brush to take back to "the States" when the war is over.

A few nights later I dined with the Colonel at his mess in the camp which has been built not far from here. It all looked very busy when I motored up that night in the American "jeep" which the Colonel had sent down to fetch me, but I couldn't help remembering, as we whirled over the concrete road, of the gallops I had enjoyed behind hounds in years gone by over those same fields. It was cosy and warm in the mess and it was very pleasant to be greeted by so many of my country-

Continued on Page Nineteen

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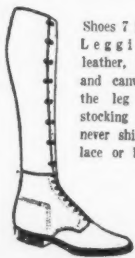
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ROSE TREE FOX HUNTING CLUB

Media, Pennsylvania.  
Established 1859.  
Recognized 1904.



I cannot resist the appeal of Aviation Cadet, John T. Ronayne for news of the Rose Tree. Let me say at the start, however, that I am not the official scribe of the Rose Tree, hitherto derelict in my duties, but merely one of the members who either "ride to hunt or hunt to ride."

The reason why I have selected myself to describe a recent hunt is because I was the only member there to describe it. I was the cook and the captain too, or rather the field-master, the field and I almost said the tail-hound, too, for I kept close to the pack determined for once in my life to see the hounds work.

First, let me say that the Rose Tree is hunting three days a week, women and oldish, not old, men make up the field, and not many of them at that. Our master, Alexander Sellers, is recovering from an operation, and in the meantime Foster Reeves carries on. No matter how far away the meeting place, we ride to it. No vans, for these mean gas that can be better burned for war purposes. Now you have the setting.

It was a very cold day, judged by Delaware County standards, and when I reported at the stables I found that no one else had come out. I told "Buck" Heller, the huntsman, not to bother, that I would just go for a ride now that I was there. "No", he insisted. The hounds needed exercise and he was going to take them out.

First he drew the woods behind Mr. Henderson's stable; then along the edge of the dam. No luck. Finally, we crossed Providence Road and into Mr. Kerr's place, turned left to the woods below Tommy Linn's place, crossed the Rose Tree-Sycamore Mill road, and drew the woods to the left coming out back of the Robin Hill colony. "Buck" had his mind set on a swampy piece of ground along Ridley Creek not far above the Baltimore Pike, where it was reported a fox had been seen. Having worked down along this stretch of weeds, briars and bush, on his horse, he decided to give the place a thorough going over on foot on the way back. So with Mr. Jefford's groom, who unable to resist a hunt had come out, leading his horse, "Buck" took the hounds in with him determined to rout out the fox if one really had elected to make this his home. The "Field", (notice quotation marks as befits the occasion), regained the road and meandered on to the bridge in front of Mr. Marr's place. After crossing over, "Buck" was discovered trudging along up the creek and gesticulating wildly and vociferously for his horse. The fox had crossed the creek and gone away over the hill with a smart bitch after her! This was real news, and we charged up the hill like

the Light Brigade. At the top, there was Mr. Marr's man to open the gate to the big pasture. On to the Barrens where hounds were now running!

The Barrens, in case you have not been there, are a large piece of woodland situated on a ridge with numerous paths and wood roads running up and down, criss-cross and around about which you follow under the guidance of the fox or rather, I should say, under that of the hounds who may be or may not be following closely the scent of the fox.

I shall not bore you with superfluous details. After clearing the woods of all cobwebs, grapevines and trail bush, the "Field" was disgruntled to find that the fox had given the hounds the slip. But wait! "Buck" lifted the hounds to the upper end of the brook. It was a good guess. The chorus grew, and we headed for Mr. Wall's place. By the time "Buck" and the "Field" had swung around, the fox changed his course and headed back to the Barrens. So back we too went. For quite a time, the hounds busied themselves working out the line on the lower side of the Barrens by Ridley Creek. Finally, they moved right and we galloped along the edge of the woods, but the music gradually died out. Some hounds crossed to the left to a planting of evergreen trees and we followed. In the lower planting on the creek side of the narrow road, they found again but whether the same fox or another one is hard to say.

It was growing late but we couldn't go home so long as hounds were trying to show us sport. Then I viewed the fox. What a fillip it gave to the day's hunt! He ran out of the planting on the lower side, crossed the road, just as I was looking his way, and entered the planting on my left. More joyous and excited hound talk with some galloping on the outskirts by the huntsman and the author hereof.

Finally, the hounds bayed "treed", and we decided to investigate. There they were gathered around the foot of a tall tree imploring him to come down and satisfy their curiosity. There was no doubt about it at all. Our fox was up a tree. The hounds said so in no uncertain language. If they had been beavers, that tree would have been downed in a hurry.

But the fox was neither up the tree nor in it. This we determined by very careful observation. We could see every part of the tree. It was not the kind of a tree that grows holes and every limb and branch was clearly discernible in the late afternoon light. He had given the hounds the slip. Up the tree, a prodigious leap, no doubt, to another tree, another leap to the ground and away with a laugh at the foolish hounds and man's attempts to match his wood-lore against that of a fox. "Strange things happen", said "Buck", "when one is out fox-hunting." Was he a red or a grey? I had

seen the fox when he crossed the road but he had been too quick and too far away to identify. Buck thought that it was a red that he had pushed out of the weeds on the creek flat and that this fellow was a second fox, probably a grey. It will, I fear, remain one of the unsolved mysteries which make this universe so intriguing.

So we decided to call it a day. The hounds had been exercised; the horses had had several good gallops; and we had had a mighty pleasant afternoon. Coming home, the "Field" rode with the huntsman and there was much discussion about foxes, training hounds, and how glad we were that the cold had not kept up in the house.

As I drove home, I pondered again the great question: Had I ridden to hunt or had I hunted to ride. It was too difficult to settle without more study and research, but next day when I was feeling stiff and sore, not having hunted much this fall, I decided that I rode to hunt.—L. N. R.

SEDFIELD HUNT

High Point, North Carolina.  
Established 1927.  
Recognized 1941.



The Holiday Season has been particularly active for the Sedfield Hunt. The hounds were out on Wednesday afternoon, December 22, and Friday morning, December 24. Cold weather and wind made hunting chances slim. On both occasions, however, hounds found and worked out a line for short distances, but were unable to carry on. However, the fact that fields of fourteen and

fifteen braved slightly above zero weather and that these fields included quite a number of young people on a holiday from local schools, as well as Miss Meredith Clark Slane, daughter of Acting Joint-Master Meredith Slane, and Miss Shirley Redding—both young ladies home on vacation from Sweet Briar—added a great deal to the fixtures which turned to enjoyable rides in spite of the cold.

The Friday, December 24, fixture  
Continued on Page Nineteen

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# Editorials

## TIME FOR ACTION

The new year, and what will it bring? Will it bring victory to the Allies, a new world and a new order over the face of the old? No one can foretell as the struggle for mastery by the age-old theory that might makes right goes on in unabated fury as 1944 unfolds. This struggle that has been going on in Europe for over four years and in the Pacific for two is not new. It marked the days of the Philistines and heralded the rise of the feudal ages even as it closed the era of Napoleon. The world has felt the determination of a nation since Bismarck first united and drove home the spearhead into Austria and then into France. This theory that might makes right is as strong in its significance as our four freedoms. Between them lies a gulf that neither can cross—there is no common ground. One goes back to the feudal ages or even farther, while the other has opened up a new civilization in which science, knowledge, personal liberty and the rights of the individual have flourished.

No one can tell what this fateful year holds in store, but one thing is certain and that is that this struggle between two great theories has and will affect every individual. This is no war of conquest and imperialism alone for from this great struggle a new civilization faces the world, either backward to the days of slavery or forward to a greater life in which science, invention, economics and liberty will be geared to the task of a fuller and happier life for all.

We in America, if we are to achieve this happier life, cannot look impartially on the evils that beset us on the home front. It doesn't make so much difference whether General Marshall or Mr. Phineas Dofinkle said that American rail and steel disputes had prolonged the war and cost the Allies many lives. The question of who said it is unimportant. The query to be answered is whether it is true or isn't true. You can't tell us that the coal strike, the steel strike and the threatened rail strike hasn't impeded our war effort. It doesn't take any brilliant genius to figure that one out. Labor is more concerned over the implied criticism than over the merits of the criticism. There is something definitely wrong with a nation at war when any group of citizens is permitted to impede the war effort, whether they do it by striking or whether, as William Green suggests, they do it by merely bluffing that they would strike.

It is high time that all this quibbling and labor favoritism be stopped and something be done to call a halt to the constant threat to the war industries in this country. The time for talking is past and it's time now to act. Labor is entitled to its rights and adequate pay. To strike, however, on the railroads, in the coal mines and steel mills when the government vitally needs these services for war purposes and the safety of the whole people is little short of treason. In one breath a year or so ago, we had a horror of appeasing the belligerent nations, and yet we turn right around and appease the demands of labor. There isn't too much difference in the two situations.

If we want to comfort Hitler and Tojo the methods we are using

are certainly sufficient, but they certainly are going to make many an American boy on the fighting front a bit uneasy over his safety. The time is ripe for an aroused American fully aware of the depth of this struggle, to stand up and shout no to the demands of selfish interests, and back up this denial with a personal pledge that this country will not allow obstruction to its war effort.

## Letters to the Editor

### May Find Answer

Dear Sir:

In Mr. Orton's article, printed in the December 31 issue, on the probability of George Washington having ridden to hounds while residing in Philadelphia as president, I would suggest that if Mr. Orton has not already done so, a perusal of the "Writings of Washington" may lead to an answer to his question.

Some years ago I conducted rather an extensive research on the great man's sporting activities and, although, I came across nothing that bears on Mr. Orton's query, my impression is that one or maybe two columns have been added to the "Writings of Washington" and it may be that by this time all the letters have been printed. It is an enormous undertaking, some 25 or 27 volumes, and was performed by authority of Congress.

In common with Mr. Orton, there is a question respecting George Washington that has perplexed me. "Did Washington ever hunt the red fox?" Washington, so far as I have been able to learn, never spoke or wrote of the type of fox that furnished the sport. I am convinced, however, that so far as Virginia is concerned, the red had not appeared south of the Potomac in Washington's time. He died in 1799.

But what about the country around Philadelphia and further north? We know that Washington hunted during dull moments in the Revolution because a soldier writing to his home folks stated he saw the General on a fox hunt. The time and the place was not revealed.

Now since The Chronicle seems to get around rather extensively, maybe some of its readers can supply information in answer to the above questions.

Very truly yours,

Samuel J. Henry.

University Club,  
Washington, D. C.  
January 4, 1944.

### Wants Anatomy Chart

Dear Sir:

This is a plea from a subscriber for your help. I am looking for a chart on the anatomy of the horse. Several of my friends and myself find we are woefully ignorant on a great many matters pertaining to such and are trying to correct this. However, we have been unable to find such a chart and now we are appealing to you for information as to where we can procure one. If you can help us we shall be very grateful.

May I also add how much we enjoy and look forward to Margaret de Martelly's articles on horsemanship. As we are still very definitely amateurs in the world of horses, we never fail to find them helpful and entertaining. We often wish there were more of such types of articles in your paper but we also realize how many real horsemen read The Chronicle and enjoy the bits of gossip from the horse world. With perseverance and an unending supply of patience, we hope to be called real horsemen some day. Thank you

at any rate for a perfectly swell paper.

Sincerely,

Jean Scott

21 Holcomb Street  
Rochester, New York  
January 2, 1943.

### Pair Winners

Dear Sir:

Upon reading your issue of December 19, 1943, I discovered that you had misprinted the winners of the Pair Jumping Class of the Boulder Brook Horse Show, December 4-5, 1943, Scarsdale, New York. The official results were as follows:

1st. Rosedale Riding Club—ridden by Miss Carol Gussenhoven and Master Richard Ardizzone.

2nd. Hutchinson Farms

3rd. Hutchinson Farms.

Hoping that you will print this correction, I remain

Respectfully yours,

R. M. Ardizzone

Glendale Road  
Harrison, New York  
December 22, 1943.

(The summaries were obtained from a marked catalogue which was supplied by a member of the Boulder Brook Horse Show.—Editor.)

### Sportsman's Map

Dear Sir:

In the December 17th issue of your journal, I read the article by Salvatore about the map, issued by the Thoroughbred Racing Associations of the U. S. A.

I should like to know whether such a map could be bought somewhere, as I am very much interested in it.

Thanking you for an early reply

Yours very truly

Th. E. van Staveren.

305 Melbourne Road  
Great Neck, L. I., N. Y.

(The map issued by the Thoroughbred Racing Association of the U. S. A. may be obtained from Robert E. Rader, Jr., Box 2000, Lexington, Kentucky.—Editor.)

### A Suggestion

Dear Sir:

The articles written by Mr. DeCoursey Wright and Mr. Alec Higginson are such charming stories, so beautifully told, and such true pictures of the countries they write about, that there must be many more who feel the same as I do and would like to see these stories collected and preserved for the coming generations to enjoy, and the thought came to me that it would be a splendid idea if they were published in pamphlet or book form.

If you should consider publishing these stories, my next suggestion would be that some arrangement could be made whereby part of the profits, if any, be given to the Hunt Servants' Benefit Foundation. With this point in view, I feel sure that both Mr. Wright and Mr. Higginson would gladly give their consent to

Continued on Page Seventeen



## Hialeah's Beauty Is Testimonial To Joe Widener

Remains As Sublime Proof Of Late Horseman's Love For Nature

There are two race courses in America, Belmont Park and Hialeah Park, which will always remain as magnificent testimony to the love which the late Joseph E. Widener had for nature's own beauty. These two tracks are veritable gardens of Eden in their landscaped loveliness and the selection, planning and actual reality and finished perfection of them are properly credited to Widener.

In many respects Hialeah Park is the more noted and remarkable for it is here that he has blended the myriad beauties of tropical vegetation and horticulture into one vast and breath-taking garden and park. Just forget that there are one thousand of the finest racing Thoroughbreds in the country quartered at Hialeah waiting for the opening on January 7 and take a stroll through the grounds.

The property, measuring approximately 200 acres, is bordered for the most part with towering Australian pine perhaps the largest trees in the locality. Entering the grounds through this barrier of green, a landmark for miles around, the main driveway to the club house is startling in its majesty.

It is along this drive that the visitor is first impressed with the splendid royal palms standing like a horticultural Swiss guard. On the fringes are carefully tended shrub consisting principally of the richly colored crotons in pleasing hues of yellow and maroon. And forming a solid wall on either side are the trimmed Australian pine.

Throughout the grounds, specifically the parking areas, the stable areas, the long space across the back stretch of the racing strip, the trimmed Australian pine forms a solid wall of rich green. This is kept at a height of sixteen feet wherever used for screening purposes.

Stepping into the club house entrance are two trees, one to the right a Sea Grape, and one to the left a Pigeon Plum, which are as intriguing as their names and which perhaps had some special affection in the nature-loving heart of Joseph Widener.

Looking across to the centerfield is a large lake, peopled on the surface by over four hundred delicately hued flamingoes. This lake is rimmed with a gorgeous hedge of bougainvillea rapidly reaching full blos-

## Post War Fees For Training Discussed In Great Britain

BY J. Fairfax-Blakeborough

There has been a good deal of discussion recently amongst trainers as to fees after the war. These have always varied, some trainers charging as much as £5 per horse per week, others—little men, training for one-horse owners, have taken horses at as little as thirty shillings a week. As a general rule Newmarket trainers have been able to command more than those in the north, and one of the most prominent of the former asked me the other day if I had any record how much trainers received in the old days when the wage bill was not half what it is now, when good old hay and oats were less than half what they will cost after the war, when good hay especially, will be very scarce.

som for the racing season. Here and there are small patches of formal gardening blooming with exotic buds of the Southland.

The front of the club house and grandstand is bordered and beautified with boxes of potted begonias, sweet Alyssum and rambling ivy. And the back wall of the large structure is festooned with solid masses of flowering bougainvillea.

In the spacious paddock and along the walks are more palms, many varietal including the royal, the cocoanut, the rabelenii and many species of ficus palm. In the corners and bordering low walls and dining terraces are brilliant bushes of scarlet hibiscus. And occasionally a Melaleuca will arrest the gaze and offer relief from the dazzling color of the flowers.

Not content with this everyday display of beauty there is located in some remote corner of the property a nursery where over 1500 rose bushes are starting to bud. And in a nearby greenhouse more flowers are blooming and some 6000 gladioli are pinking, reddening and yellowing for the opening day when they will be cut and placed around the club rooms.

This then is a very inadequate word-picture of Hialeah Park, of one of the many things that Joe Widener bequeathed to the turf and to all the thousands and thousands of tourists who visit the property each year. Of course on March 4, at Hialeah Park, the Widener Stakes, one of the most important horse races in America will be run. That, too, is a memorial to Widener and symbolizes his deep and unselfish interest in the sport of Thoroughbred racing but the trees and flowers of Hialeah are an expression of the beauty within the man.

We have it on the authority of William Day that the famous John Day's charges at Danebury were 38-6 a week, and yet Lord George Bentinck imagined he had been overcharged. John Lent (to whom Lord Geo. sent his horses on severing his connection with Day), stated his fees were half only of those at Danebury, to which William Day stated in print:

Mr. Kent would seem to have charged for a horse and boy 19-3 per week—a very moderate sum. Yet his total bill, he tells us, was £10,000 a year, which would leave £7500 for travelling expenses, or quite double the amount that was charged at Danebury. At the latter place there was a fixed weekly charge for the keep of each horse, and, for every other item a proper voucher was rendered to his lordship.

In a letter dated March, 1862, addressed to Geo. Oates, then training at Middleham, Col. Towneley (for whom he had trained Kettledrum to win the 1861 Derby), challenged an account for £2 weekly for horses when "roughed up" at the end of the racing season. The Colonel's letter (in my possession) runs:

It is more to a trainer's interest to have horses out of training at £2 per week than in training. As soon as the racing season was over John Scott of Malton, always sent my horses home to Towneley, and I do not see why the same course should not be adopted now. A charge of £1 per week is amply sufficient for the keep of any animal out of training, and if you think this insufficient you had better send them home at once.

As Middleham gallops got too hard to train Kettledrum for the

Derby, he and others of Col. Towneley's and his partner's (Mr. Richard Eastwood, his agent), horses, they were sent to Prince at Lambourn, whose charges are thus recorded in Geo. Oates' account book, also in my possession:

Kettledrum and boy, May 17 to Sept. 14, 1861, 120 days at 6-s a day £36.

Doefoot and boy from May 22 to Aug. 26; 96 days at 6-s £28 16s.

Yorkminster from May 17 to Aug. 26; 101 days £30 6s.

Imperatrice: June 4 to Sept. 102 days at 6-s £30 12s.

Price, from the above, would seem to have charged £2.2 for horses in training and their 'lad'. His total bill against Col Towneley and partner was £443.11-s.



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### FLARES

Bay, 1933

(PROPERTY OF BELAIR STUD)

by GALLANT FOX—FLAMBINO, by \*WRACK

Was sire of the stakes winners CHOP CHOP and TEENTEE in his first season; he was a winner of the Newmarket St. Leger, Champion Stakes, Burwell Stakes, Princess of Wales Stakes, Dullingham Stakes, Lowther Stakes, Champion Stakes, and the Ascot Gold Cup, all with big weights.

Fee \$250 Return

### TINTAGEL

Bay, 1933

by \*SIR GALLAHAD III—HELOISE, by FRIAR ROCK

Was the leading two-year-old of his year, winner Belmont Futurity; 10 of his 13 starters in his first crop and 10 of 12 starters in his second crop are winners; he is a full brother to BOY KNIGHT, stake winner two-year-old this year, and half brother to the stake winners DINNER DATE, and SGT. BYRNE. A yearling half brother sold for \$33,000 this year at Meadowbrook.

Fee \$150 Return

Both TINTAGEL and FLARES stand complimentary to stake winners and dams of stake winners.

### POMPEY

Bay, 1923

by \*SUN BRIAR—CLEOPATRA, by CORCYRA

Is the sire of four stake winners this year—WHIRLABOUT, ANTHEMION, BIRCH ROD and POMPION. He is also sire of the champion two-year-olds of their years LADYSMAN and POMPOON. His get have won nearly \$1,700,000 to date, and 64% of his foals are winners.

Fee \$250 Return

Return is for one year if mare does not prove in foal, to be claimed by December 1, 1944. We reserve the right to reject any mare physically unfit. No responsibility is accepted for accidents or disease.

ADDRESS COMMUNICATIONS TO

**A. B. HANCOCK**

PHONE 393

PARIS, KENTUCKY

## THANKSGIVING

BAY, 1935

Bud Lerner

The Finn

\*Ogden

Livonia

Dreamsome

Superman

Ballymena

Inchcape

Friar Rock

Rose of Gold

Swan Song

Ben Brush

Pink Domino

Winner of eight races and \$60,080. Out of a winner and dam of seven winners. THANKSGIVING is a well-made horse of high potency, good disposition and lots of substance. This is his first public season.

FEE: \$150 WITH RETURN

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UPPERVILLE

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# The Tautz Coat

By Harry Worcester Smith

Included in the March 5, 1943 issue of The Chronicle was a picture of A Personage of the Chase, Harry Worcester Smith. Samuel J. Henry wrote the caption and in connection with his laudatory words about Mr. Smith, the latter received many letters. Some of these letters included inquiries about the checked coat and to explain it, Mr. Smith has sent in the following article.—Editor.

Many years ago a charming young Irish actor, John Daly Murphy, was a member of a band of actors and actresses who made their headquarters at Lake Quinsigamond, near Worcester, during the summer months; and the young Irishman and two of the actresses, Julia Dean and Florence Reed, went on to unqualified success.

John Daly had been acting for a winter or two with a stock company in New Orleans, and previous to that had made a name for himself in the leading part in "Charlie's Aunt." He surely enjoyed the Crescent City, appreciating fully the heterogeneous populace, made up of French, Spanish, Creole and the lively Quadroons. An ardent collector, and receiving a good salary, he did not miss anything which came to the antique stores on Royal Street. He certainly enjoyed the good living at the restaurants, and made my mouth water telling me of the Bayou Fouché oysters, the lake shrimps, and the filé gumbo soup.

Like all Irishmen, he was a splendid horseman, and in Louisiana picked up a cracking pony and rode him day by day in Audubon Park, and later brought him to Worcester for his sojourn at the Lake.

Hearing of the writer and his horses and hounds only a few miles away, John rode over to Lordvale and sent in his name. Talking out on the lawn, we soon made and cemented an acquaintance which was broken only by his sad demise a few years ago. He was a regular attendant at the Grafton Horse and Hound Shows, the Brunswick Fox Hound Trials, and an enthusiastic exhibitor of my hunters at the Uxbridge, Oxford, Sturbridge and Barre cattle fairs.

But he knew something besides horses, and was of such sterling character that for a number of years he was on the Board of Governors of The Players Club, Gramercy Park, New York, founded by the great Booth. So good an actor was he that Mrs. Fiske waylaid him, and for a number of years he had a permanent position year after year in her company, which was managed by her talented husband.

This gave him four to six weeks every summer, which he passed always at Lordvale; and of all my many friends who have "gone West," he is missed most.

In his search for new costumes for his various stage parts, he frequented the second-hand clothing dealers in New York, and often came upon some real "finds"—leather trunks, hat boxes, Jaeger overcoats, and sporting garments. One that he picked up was the envy of my eyes—a checked yellow and black sport coat, which evidently had been pawned by some Englishman's valet, for one had but to see it to know that its real owner never sold it while alive.

John's clothes fitted me to perfection, and as he kept the Tautz coat for great occasions, every time I saw it I coveted it more and more

and finally traded him a grand solid leather English travelling bag which was just too large to have a porter take it into a parlor car, as it was big enough to lay a pair of boots and trees on the bottom. We made an even swap, so the Tautz coat now had its third or perhaps fourth owner—but it was still flawless and without a spot.

When I won the \$10,000 Champion Steeplechase in 1900, my old trainer, "Dolph" Wheeler, got 10 per cent of the winnings, or \$1,000, which made him very happy. But a week or two later when I saw him on my return from hunting in Genesee he remarked:

"Yes, I got the \$1,000 all right, Mr. Smith; but Oh, you must know how much I want that John Daly Murphy coat!"

"Well," I said, "you certainly shall have it;" and I gave it to him.

And how "Dolph" used to strut around at the Race Meetings at Belmont, Saratoga and The Country Club, looking grand, and the envy of every darky on the ground—for the coat, as the picture shows, has a most sporting cut, and was lined throughout with the best quality silk, and carries the woven label of the great English makers of fine sporting clothes, "Tautz."

The cloth itself was made in the old country, where the manufacture of woollens has long been an art. No doubt it was made in the west of England, where even to this day the best goods are produced. There, in the beginning, the wool is carefully sorted, thoroughly carded, put through the combers, and after being mule-spun was made into warp and web, and then woven into a most enduring fabric.

The cloth was then put into a fulling mill—not for three or four days, as in America, but for a number of weeks, until it was shrunk into a perfect whole. It was then thoroughly dried, teaseled, pressed, sheared and ironed. These operations then brought forth a fabric fit for a king.

Wheeler had charge of my stable for a number of years, and when I stopped racing and began fox hunting, he took a position with young Joseph Choate at Southboro; and I am sure he gave that lover of the blood horse many a happy evening talking over the great races of the past, for "Dolph" had been one of the best colored trainers of his time, and in addition, when thrown up on the back of a young horse could pilot him across country, and sometimes even showed Crompton and me the way.

In 1916 or '17, I had a letter from him stating that he was under the weather and would like to see me. I motored down, and was saddened to find that my old colored friend was severely ill. A few week later I was advised of his death, and on telephoning was informed that the funeral was to be on Sunday following Thanksgiving Day.

At the time I had staying with me at Lordvale a delightful Russian sportsman, Cyril Gurianoff, a Captain of Cavalry in Wrangel's Russian Army, who had fought his way down to the Crimea and had finally landed, penniless, in Constantinople. He had a sister in America, and from her a few years previously had learned the child's poem:

"Mary had a little lamb,  
Whose fleece was white as snow,"

(etc., etc).

With these lines in his mind, and carrying the face of a well-bred gentleman, coupled with an engaging manner, the Captain went to the American Ambassador, winning entrance by the recitation of this little poem, and then explained his desire to go to the States, where his sister had been located for a number of years. The kindly Ambassador at once interested himself in Gurianoff's behalf, and soon the latter was sailing toward the States in a U. S. Mail O'War. Landing in New York he found his sister, and then endeavored to earn a livelihood.

I had met him at Henry Oxnard's Blue Ridge stud, where he had charge of the grand stallion *Superman*, which, in October, threw him down and savaged his arm. Mrs. Oxnard gave him the best of care, and he was on her payroll when I met him again looking over the ringside at Madison Square Garden, where I was acting as one of the judges.

After the Show on Monday, I took him out to dinner that first evening, gave him \$25 with which to hire a dress-suit and outfit himself with shirt, shoes, ties, etc., then got an invitation for him to the "Jack" Bowman Horse Show Dinner, the "Reggie" Vanderbilt Supper; and so he had the time of his life through the Show, as the management gave him a Badge for the week. After the Show I asked him up for Thanksgiving, and only a day or two later we started out on Sunday morning for Wheeler's funeral. The ground was covered with six inches of soggy snow, topped with ice, and the branches of trees bent low under their load of frozen, dripping water. It was with difficulty that we got to

Southboro, and as we travelled along, the road into the cemetery the atmosphere had warmed, and the car was simply deluged with the drip from trees.

There was no fire in the church. About thirty colored people had gathered—not a white face to be seen but ours—and it was pathetic to see a young colored girl trying to sing "Nearer my God to Thee," while her breath made frost in the air.

I had brought down the Champion Steeplechase Cup and a number of other Trophies won by horses that Wheeler had trained for me. These I placed on the casket, with my Violet and White Racing Colors which "Dolph" loved so well.

After his address and prayer, the Pastor turned to me and said:

"Won't you say a few words, Mr. Smith?"

Never had I been so hard pressed—yet there were only black people present. I gave a verse or two from Adam Lindsay Gordon's poem, which "Dolph" had so loved to hear me recite:

"A Gentleman Rider; well, I'm an  
Continued on Page Nineteen

## THE CHASE

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SAM WOOLDRIDGE, Editor

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MEADOW BROOK HUNT - SYOSSET, L. I.  
(Carl Klein Photos)



Top, the Meadow Brook Hunt held a Children's Day on December 21st with Mrs. Marjorie B. Hewlett acting M. F. H. Peter Lawson-Johnston, son of Mrs. Henry Obre of Brookville is shown riding PLYMOUTH ROCK. Center, the group before the hunt. Mrs. Marjorie B. Hewlett, Mrs. Frank Fox, Thos. Allison, Huntsman; Chas. Plumb, Whipper-in; The four Hickox children, Peter Lawson-Johnston, Lucetta Crisp, Dorothy Van Winkle, Barbara Hewlett, Maggi Stebli, Eleanor Seggerman, Mrs. Gilbert Cooper, Laura Niles, William Dobbs. The bottom photo shows Huntsman Thomas Allison leading the hounds.

LOIS LISANTI



SAMMY

Above, Miss Lois Lisanti of New York City has the highest amount of points in the American Horse Shows Association's Medal Class which is sixty seven, plus seven championships, three reserve championships and innumerable blues and reds won throughout the year. She is pictured with her horse, TWO POINT FIVE. Left, ~~is~~ SAMMY, owned by Miss Helen Hannaum of Sioux City, Iowa is shown in his private bungalow. Miss Hannaum bought a tourist cabin and moved it down to the other stables and had it fixed up a bit. She thought it might be an idea for other horsemen who need stabling facilities for their horses.









## Notes From Great Britain

By J. Fairfax-Blakeborough

### Endurance Of Hounds Known To Be Much Greater Than That Of The Fox

A five months old black cocker spaniel forced its way into a nine-inch drain-pipe at Dalston the other day and was imprisoned there for a fortnight before it was heard by a passing woman. She informed the local police constable, who at once got help and the dog was dug out from its watery prison. Two dead rabbits were found near it, and in front a stone which had barred its progress. The little cocker was so exhausted it could hardly lift its head, but after being given some milk it soon revived.

I have known several instances of foxhounds which having followed foxes into rocky fissures, dropped down into pits from which they could not climb out, and in which they have remained without food or water for over a week. I could quote many cases of terriers unable to extricate themselves from hill-side strongholds into which they have followed foxes or badgers, and which have not been rescued for an equally lengthy period. A terrier of my own once forced itself into a drain and past a tree root which afterwards barred its passage backwards or forwards. It was not located for several days. I have not, however, heard of a dog being recovered alive after being so long a prisoner under the watery conditions of that at Dalston. Sheep have been found alive after being buried in snowdrifts for two or three weeks, but the circumstances are different.

It is generally found that when foxhounds or terriers are liberated after long incarceration without food or drink, that the fox they have either run to ground, or been sent in to bolt, is dead but untouched. It would seem therefore, that the stamina, vitality and power of endurance of the dog is greater than that of the fox (which, of course, has sometimes been killed), but why, in their hunger, neither foxhound nor terrier eat the cause of their trouble is a mystery. Sheep have been known to eat their own wool, or that of the animal next to them in their snowy prison.

#### Badgers And Terriers

To Halfpenny County Court probably belongs the singularity of badgers being introduced into legal arguments or being honourably (or otherwise) mentioned by a judge. During a claim for loss of poultry worried by a dog, counsel for the defence endeavoured to throw the guilt upon badgers, and cross examined the owner of the poultry regarding a cat having brought into his house a baby badger. I have known cats bring home rats, stoats, weazels, and in one case, an adder they have killed, and I have known cats gambol with fox cubs, but during a life-long study of badgers I have never before heard of a conflict between "Brock" and a cat. His Honour Judge Allsebrook would not accept the suggestion that badgers had been responsible for the destruction of the fifteen pullets, and emphatically said "a lot of nonsense is talked in these days about badgers being a pest."

In my experience I have found them harmless, and never to my per-

sonal knowledge have they attacked poultry". Although it is never safe to say of any creature of the wild "they always do this and never do that", those of us who have closely studied badgers (and we yet have a good deal to learn about the species), will agree with what the judge said about badgers as a general rule being harmless. They are amongst the last of our English wild animals, most interesting, never courting combat, yet most courageous when tackled, and continuing to exist although every man's hand seems against them.

Peculiarly enough on the same day that Judge Allsebrook vindicated in his court the badger, Mr. A. S. Frank, a well-known naturalist, gave a lecture on "the food, and habits of some British Wild Animals". Few have more intimate knowledge of the subject, and those who glibly charge the badger with killing poultry and attacking lambs, should mark what this impartial and accented witness said. Here are his words:

"In his diet are many forms of insect life, including wasp grubs. A badger will dig out a nest of young rabbits and he will eat eggs if he blunders upon a nest, but will not make systematic search for them. Individual badgers have been known to get into a fowl house and kill some of the birds, but this is so rare that the species should not be condemned for the acts of one or two."

Personally I would like to see drawing badgers by terriers from artificial surroundings stopped. I know it may be an opportunity to test the gameness of terriers, but it is unfair, and, to my view, altogether unsporting to carry out such trials with a captive badger and with a whole series of terriers which go in fresh to an animal not only at a disadvantage, but possibly weak from lack of food, exhausted by frequent contests, and naturally upset by the noise and clamour. To me such combats are unworthy of sportsmen, whilst I hear with regret of badgers being destroyed by hunting men for no other reason than that they occasionally open out a fox earth that has been stopped.

As Major Humphrey de Freville remarked to me the other day: "what prices hounds will make after the war, and horses too!" Then he added "Where are the horses coming from?" I am inclined to think there'll be horses (I refer to hunters) all right for those with the money to buy them. There are a good many more in various parts of the country than official statistics seem to indicate, or than even ubiquitous dealers know about in these days, when neither they nor their "guinea hunters" can get about as they did. Reverting to Major de Freville, he's acting M. F. H. of the Vale of White Horse (Cirencester). On the death of Lord Bathurst the Hunt committee took over the country, the very beautiful pack of bitches being lent by the Bathurst estate. Ted Goddard (what a name to conjure with in the history of hunt service!) is carrying the horn, and, despite scenting conditions being the worst known for years in this country, he's killed his share of foxes.

**KEEP ON . . . . .**  
*Backing the Attack!*  
**WITH WAR BONDS**  
**\*\*\*\*\***

## Bud Burmester Buys Two Yearling Colts From Coldstream

In one of the final Thoroughbred transactions of the recently ended year, Bud Burmester, Fort Worth breeder, acquired two well bred stud colts, one by Reaping Reward out of Nectarine, by \*Bulldog and full sister to Bull Lea and one by \*Heliopolis out of Passerine by American Flag, from Coldstream Stud, Lexington. The two new yearlings will be shipped to Texas as soon as transportation can be arranged. Burmester, who owns the young stallion, Nedayr, has been anxious to secure a youngster by Reaping Reward, and especially out of such a splendid mare as

the former stake winning Nectarine. He also wanted a colt by Heliopolis, son of the great Hyperion, and in this chestnut out of Passerine, a highly thought of Coldstream matron, Burmester has acquired a fashionably bred youngster. The two colts will be permitted to fill out in Texas, and probably will be taken up late in 1944 with a view of racing. Each has fine possibilities as a stallion later on, and there are few better bred youngsters than these in the Lone Star State.

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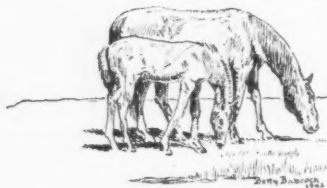
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# Horsemen's News- Stakes Winners



## Jockey Atkinson Anxiously Awaits Hialeah Opening

**Has High Hopes Of Emerging  
With Riding Honors At  
Florida Meeting**

One of the more distinguished members of Florida's jockey colony can be found at Hialeah Park most every morning galloping and breezing Thoroughbreds before reporting to the Clerk of the Scales at Tropical Park where he is currently under colors.

A backstretch chat with the college-bred Ted Atkinson is never without its pleasantries, for Ted is a likeable little guy who usually knows what he is talking about.

Horsemen stabled on the grounds at Hialeah awaiting the bugle for this great race meeting on January 7th never fail to enjoy "running off the chin" with this frail little fellow who electrified New York race-goers last summer.

This winter Ted will be just another in a large group of star jockeys to set sail for the gold and glory reserved for riders with something on the ball at the impending Hialeah session.

A home owner in the attractive Miami Springs community down the road a piece from Hialeah Park, Ted rues the fact he will be unable to take time out from his saddle duties to participate in the civic affairs about his village.

The Atkinson, who once wrestled barrels for a living in a Brooklyn, N. Y. factory, is pretty much absorbed in his career as a top-flight jockey and intends devoting all future energies toward heading the list at Hialeah.

Other than emerging with the riding honors at the brilliant meeting to come, Ted looks forward to the spring when Trainer Andy Shuttlinger will summon him north to pilot Lieut. Col. C. V. Whitney's crack colt Pukka Gin in the Kentucky Derby, Preakness and the other top 3-year-old classics.

Atkinson, long a disciple of Dale Carnegie, gets along with people as famously as he does with horses. An intellectual among the jocks, he astounds friends with his ability to discuss Beethoven, Shakespeare, Leonardo De Vinci or Tony Pedone the demon jockey agent.

Married and the father of a young daughter, Ted is very much the domestic type and hurries home to be with his family at the close of each working day.

When queried by horsemen, turf writers and racing fans to explain his success as a leading and much sought after jockey, Ted Atkinson has a stock reply, "Just don't ever stop trying and above all never entertain the idea that you alone are responsible for winning a race. A good horse trained by a competent

The Fair Grounds feature on the card for New Year's Day was the Sugar Bowl Handicap, 1 1-16 miles, 4 and up, \$5,000 added. Ten went to the post and Coward and DuPuy's Marriage was carrying top-weight of 122 lbs. Dock Stable's Go-Gino, recent winner of the Christmas Handicap, assumed the lead and was the pace setter until challenged by his stablemate, Sugar Ration and B. F. Whitaker's Pops Pick in the stretch run. Pops Pick was the winner of the Iberville Handicap on December 21 and in a driving finish, made it two straight at the Fair Grounds. Sugar Ration, winner of 7 races and \$11,450 last year, finished 2nd ahead of Go-Gino, winner of 3 races and \$10,195 in 1943.

Tropical Park featured the Orange Bowl Handicap on the 1st, a 3 and up event of 1 1-16 miles, with a purse of \$2,500. Greentree Stable's Corydon, holder of the track record at Tropical Park which he established as a 4-year-old in 1941 and W. Gullatt's Navy carried top-weight of 114 and 116 respectively.

Legation, carrying the colors of F. A. Piarulli and winner in his last two outings at Tropical Park, was off on top, followed by C. S. Bromley's Samhar, a 3-year-old bay colt by Sweep Like—Lepsid, by \*Swift and Sure. G. D. Wood's Cabin Creek moved up and assumed the lead until the three-quarter mark when Legation moved ahead. Into the stretch Samhar made a determined bid and won driving by one-half a length at Legation's expense. Greentree Stable's Four Freedoms was 3rd ahead of Navy.

### Saturday, January 1

Sugar Bowl Handicap. Fair Grounds, 1 1-16 mi., 4 & up. Purse, \$5,000 added; net value to winner, \$3,380; 2nd: \$1,000; 3rd: \$500; 4th: \$250. Winner: B. c. (4) by Reaping Reward—Sweet Fern, by Bostonian. Trainer: E. Haughton. Time: 1:48 2-5.

1. Pops Pick, (B. F. Whitaker), 115, L. Balaski.
2. Sugar Ration, (Dock Stable), 109, J. Thornberg.
3. Go-Gino, (Dock Stable), 116, S. Murphy.

Ten started; also ran (order of finish): B. H. Wise's Bushwacker, 112, G. Burns; Mrs. H. P. Bonner's Reaping Glory, 112, C. Givens; Mrs. M. Evans' Shot Put, 110, W. Garner; Silver Star Stock Farm's Chipmunk, 112, W. Cook; Coward & DuPuy's Marriage, 122, W. Bailey; Dearborn Stable's Samborombon, 116, L. Haas; Mrs. M. Farnsworth's Havaheart, 107, P. Castanova. Won driving by 2; place driving by a head; show same by ¾. Scratched: Devalue, Choppy Sea.

Orange Bowl Handicap. Tropical Park, 1 1-16 mi., 3 & up. Purse, \$2,500; net value to winner, \$1,600; 2nd: \$500; 3rd: \$275; 4th: \$125. Winner: B. c. (3) by Sweep Like—Lepsid, by \*Swift and Sure. Trainer: J. J. Bauer. Time: 1:43 2-5.

1. Samhar, (C. S. Bromley), 101, H. Claggett.
2. Legation, (F. A. Piarulli), 103, H. Trent.
3. Four Freedoms, (Greentree Stable), 111, T. Atkinson.

Nine started; also ran (order of finish): W. Gullatt's Navy, 116, C. Bierman; I. Bieber's Moon Maiden, 100, C. Chaffin; Millbrook Stable's Llanero, 108, J. G. Wilson; G. D. Wood's Cabin Creek, 106, R. Per-

horseman goes for making a good rider and I'm no exception."

## Canadian Pony Club Continued from Page One

lishing a library to share books has been very timely.

The children all having brought box lunches, we had a very enjoyable hour with much chatter and horse talk over the sandwiches. Several of the members have acquired new horses and lost little time in telling us of their abilities.

After lunch I gave a lecture on colours and markings and then went on to describe the different breeds of horses and their general characteristics. I suppose this was too much to try to undertake in one day for after covering about six breeds, the children became very restless as they had been promised a visit to the kennels in the afternoon and were anxious to start off, so we will carry on the rest of the lecture another day.

After leaving the house in fairly tidy order for a bunch of high minded kids ranging in all ages, we set out across the fields for the kennels about two and a half miles on foot. The weather had turned very mild and we made good progress through St. Andrews Golf Course until we came out on Bayview. My original intention was to go up Harrison's Lane through the old Harrison farm but the going in the lane proved so heavy we took to the fields. Only a few of the children knew the country so it was quite fun when they all struck out on their own line. The little ones had no trouble crawling through the stump fences which proved a major obstacle for the bigger ones. Jim Manner, a lad of fifteen and fast approaching six feet, was cracking all the top rails on the panels. We came through Mrs. R. K. Hodgson's farm and were greeted by numerous dogs and Mrs. Hodgson who had seen the gang approaching across the fields, came out and spoke to us. By this time they were spread out for a half a mile in every direction so it gave the lagers a chance to catch up. With the kennels in sight, the pace was decidedly increased and we made good headway down Mr. Allan Case's lane which adjoins that of Mr. H. R. Bain the Master.

During the trek to the kennels I was very interested in listening to Pat Horst's account of the Montreal show. She had sold her good jumper Lucky Strike to Mr. Cardy of Montreal and went down to ride him in the show. She was very successful but told me that some of the courses set up were indeed tricky. I believe our shows intend to take a pointer from our Montreal neighbours and have more wingless courses with a larger variety of jumps.

When we arrived at the kennels we were given a very warm welcome by Mr. Sid Abbott who looked very smart in his white starched coat. Mr. Abbott is the capable and well liked kennelman who was with several well known packs in England and Eglinton is very fortunate indeed that he decided to come to Canada instead of accepting a position with the Beaufort.

It had taken us over an hour and a half to come over and as Mr. Abbott had planned on showing the children how the hounds are fed they were all very hungry because of the long wait. Mr. Abbott arranged the children at one end of the room sufficiently far from the feed-

mane: M. Shagrin's Red Dock, 106, P. Roberts; Green Stable's Corydon, 114, E. Arcaro. Won driving by ½; place driving by ½; show same by ½. No scratches.

ing trough so as not to disturb the hounds and cautioned them to keep quiet. This called for a major effort on the part of the children. Then he called in the slow feeders first and the boys and girls tried to remember their names. When the hounds were through they all came over to speak to the children who, of course, were delighted. Mr. Abbott answered all questions and the children were tremendously impressed in the way the hounds answered to their names. The hounds are all very polite and beautifully behaved. The pack has been cut down considerably there now being only eight couple of old hounds and 3½ couple of pups. We saw the pups later and they look like a likely bunch of youngsters. One, a big lemon dog, is by Aurora Singer who is from the Toronto and North York hunt. The others are by our own dogs.

We saw the big pots brewing the oatmeal and the horse meat which is piled in one of the outside runs where it is kept frozen and in good condition until April. Mr. Abbott said that if it were kept in a cache in the bush it would last until June, the frost remaining longer in the meat in such a location.

We also saw the greyhound evacuees from England who are the property of the British Greyhound Racing Association, and represent their best bloodlines and were sent out here to maintain these bloodlines, one dog and two bitches being kept from each litter. Mr. Abbott has had marked success in raising these dogs which I believe was not the case of some others who were sent to Nassau, certainly the ones we saw were indeed handsome specimens. One of the stud dogs was the best in England, having won the Derby and many other classics. They also have England's best bitch now eleven years old and several of her offspring.

Mr. Abbott brought out a hunting crop to show the children how to handle it and soon they were all sitting on the paddock fence trying to snap their ears off. After this we went into Mr. Bain's stable and saw some of his race horses, the England Stud Sun Power and two very nice 2-year-olds by him. Then Mr. Abbott took us all into the tack room and brought out his hunting horn and gave a demonstration of the different calls. The hounds out in the kennels started up a beautiful chiming and the children all ran to the windows to try to see them. Quite a lot of excitement was caused when the horn was passed around to see who could get some notes from it. Several of the boys who no doubt had played a trumpet, got along quite well.

Mr. Abbott also discussed the problems of a hunt in keeping up the country and the necessity of always being cordial and giving every consideration to the farmer whose lands we hunt. Then he very kindly drove us all back to the hunt club in the truck.

The boys and girls very much appreciated this visit to the kennels and the other activities of the day, this being the season's last riding activity, although lectures will be held during the winter and an occasional sleigh ride. With weather conditions, and footing so unpredictable, it has been considered best not to take the children riding as so many use hired horses and one is never certain as to how efficiently they will be shod for safe riding in icy weather.

The next Pony Club meeting will be a quiz on preceding lectures.



## Greater Effort Must Be Made To Produce Pulpwood This Year

Appalachian pulpwood production, as represented by mill receipts, showed some improvement during the fall months of October and November when the 1943 Newspaper Victory Pulpwood Campaign was at its peak, the War Activities Committee of the Pulpwood Consuming Industries announced this week.

At the same time, the Committee stated that military and civilian requirements for pulpwood products in 1944 will necessitate an even greater effort by farmers, pulpwood cutters, and part-time workers than in 1943, on account of the tightening manpower and transportation shortages.

Mill receipts of domestic pulpwood throughout the nation totaled 11,911,000 cords during 11 months of 1943. This is only 1,089,000 cords under the 13,000,000 goal set for the year by the War Production Board, with December figures as yet unreported. Total mill receipts in October were 1,228,000 cords and in November, 1,115,000 cords.

The Appalachian region's upswing in pulpwood production during the fall months contributed materially to the national rise, the Committee said, although mill receipts do not reflect accurately current production because of the time lag between the cutting of pulpwood and its delivery to the mills.

Mill receipts, in cords, for the Appalachian region, comprising southeastern Pennsylvania, Virginia, West Virginia, western North Carolina, eastern Tennessee, and Maryland, were: October 118,000; November 114,000; 11 months 1,136,000.

"It is, of course, impossible to say how much of this increased pulpwood production is due to the Newspaper Victory Pulpwood Campaign, but I am confident that these hundreds of local newspaper drives have been largely responsible for the improvement," Frank Block, director of the War Activities Committee, said.

"Letters from mills and newspapers substantiate these statistical reports. Farmers, already hard put to meet wartime food requirements, are cutting pulpwood between harvesting and planting and thus are doing a double job for their country. Hundreds of business and professional men, many of whom have never before engaged in woods work, are taking time out to cut a cord or more of pulpwood for the boys in uniform."

There are currently more than 1250 local Newspaper Pulpwood Committees functioning in 27 pulpwood producing states.

"The Victory Pulpwood Campaign, however, is by no means over, even though we reach the 13,000,000-cord goal for 1943," Mr. Block added. "The continuing expansion of our Army and Navy, and particularly the growth of our expeditionary forces in the European and Pacific battle zones, call for maximum production on the Home Front during 1944.

"Yet in the face of growing needs for pulpwood to equip our armed forces abroad, we are confronted with serious production problems at home. The draft and war industries have taken many men from woods work. As trucks and tires wear out at an alarming rate without replacement, transportation looms as a

## T. R. A.

Continued from Page One

of sport obtainable. Carleton Burke is a perfect co-officer, for he, too, stresses the finer side of the game.

critical problem in 1944. We hope to obtain some relief in this respect from appropriate government agencies. For manpower, however, we look principally to the farmers, agricultural workers, and other part-time labor.

"Pulpwood has become one of the critical raw materials of our war effort because it is the basic product from which hundreds of items of military equipment and supply are made. It has proved an excellent substitute for many more scarce metals, such as steel and aluminum, and it has the advantage of these in that it can be replaced simply by replanting."

He has served in many capacities, the latest as steward. His greatest pleasure, however, is in the breeding of Thoroughbreds and for years he has maintained Greenfield Farm, at Camarillo, California, where he houses some fifteen mares, along with the stallions, *Soon Over* and *Cantankerous*.

Major Louie Beard is one of the best known men in American racing. A former army officer, polo player, racing executive and student of the horse in every phase, he is best known in recent years as manager of the Whitney breeding and racing interests. Eugene Mori is a comparative newcomer among race-track executives, but as a very successful business man, his executive ability was apparent in the organization and management of Garden State Park.

Harry Parr III moved up from the Vice-Presidency of the T. R. A.; the

two new directors were elected for their experience and ability, and also because they added to the scope of the new organization, the first national body of racetracks in this country. When problems pertaining to racing arise—and they do constantly—a cross-section of opinion can quickly be obtained, for the other directors are John C. Clark of Hialeah Park, James E. Dooley of Narragansett Park, George M. Francis of Belmont Park, Col. Matt J. Winn of Churchill Downs and Benjamin F. Lindheimer of Arlington-Washington Parks.

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# How American Farmers Are Meeting the Pulpwood Challenge

**E**ARLY in 1943 when the country was faced with a disastrous pulpwood shortage, the Secretary of Agriculture said, "The only place we can look for additional supplies is from the farm woodlot".

**And the farmers of America did not let him down. Their patriotic response helped a lot to supply much needed pulpwood for war industries.**

## Now, as we enter 1944

**It is clear that a serious pulpwood shortage will continue. But farmers have learned that pulpwood cutting is good business as well as sound patriotism. Now is the best time to thin woodlots when pulpwood prices are at their peak. And recent rulings of the War Manpower Commission encourage farmers to cut pulpwood in off seasons by counting it as war unit credits toward deferment.**

**And so the farmers of America are asked to make pulpwood cutting an important part of their 1944 work program. It is off-season work; profitable work; patriotic work. Do all you can. Your country needs every cord you can cut. Keep in touch with your local pulpwood committee.**



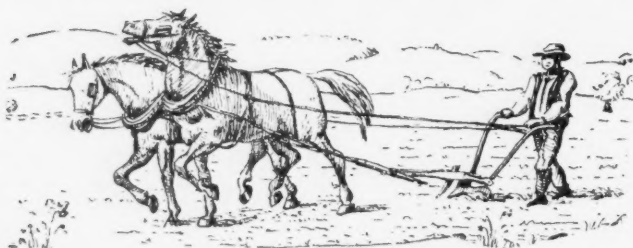
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# FARMING in WAR TIME



## Rotenone, Nicotine Supplies Increased

Increased supplies of rotenone and nicotine may help make up for the tight supply of pyrethrum in treating 1944 garden pests and diseases.

One of the most important insecticides, rotenone will be available in considerably greater amounts than it was in 1943, according to reports.

Vegetable growers will be permitted to use rotenone this year for the control of cabbage worms, the Mexican bean beetle, the asparagus beetle, flea beetles on tomatoes and potatoes, the Colorado potato beetle, lettuce loopers, certain insects on peaches and small fruits, and on Victory Gardens. The supply of this insecticide will not be so great, however, that any of it can be wasted.

Meanwhile, nicotine for controlling sucking insects will probably be plentiful enough to replace where practicable both rotenone and pyrethrum. Pyrethrum is expected to be extremely scarce in 1944, since the armed forces are using almost all the production.

The arsenical supply situation will also be tight, garden specialists predict. Lead arsenate, used primarily for the control of chewing insects on fruits and on some vegetables, will probably be as hard to get as it was last year.

The supply of paris green, used on cotton, potatoes, and home gardens, is fair.

Materials which are expected to prove ample for gardeners include cryolite—especially good for controlling the Mexican bean beetle before the pods form; sodium fluosilicate—

## Time To Start Farm Accounts For 1944

A new year and it is time for farmers to take their annual inventories and start farm accounts for 1944. All farmers should keep farm records, for without such records a farmer cannot know how much money he has made or lost during the year.

A careful analysis of the year's record will show the farmer the strong and weak points of his business, show him where he can make adjustments that will enable him to realize larger profits in the future.

Many farmers have just recently filed their income tax reports. Farmers will have to file again next fall, and if they keep accurate records during the year, they will find it much easier to fill out tax forms. Actual figures covering income and expense, entered in a record book at the time the transaction takes place, are much more accurate than figures carried in one's head for a year.

If you start the New Year right by taking an inventory and entering your sales and expenses as they occur, you will have fewer headaches when you start preparing your income tax report for 1944.

a poison bait; barium fluosilicate—a substitute for rotenone on bean beetles and for cryolite in the control of flea beetles; and sulphur.

The supply of copper fungicides for 1944 promises to be only fair, while mercury compounds will probably be available in fairly good supply.

## Reminiscences

Continued from Page One

War to end all Wars—I wonder, the "sanglier" will have made himself so objectionable that a price will have to be put on his head, i. e., if the French Government have money left to do anything with.

What about the franc? Supposing it was to stand at 220 to the £, as in 1926, or even higher, what a paradise to live in, although it is doubtful, even then, whether the average Britisher will patronize La France, after the way they let us down in 1940. Probably the Riviera will receive the patronage of invalids, recuperating after the continual black-out, who, in return, will also be well mulched by such impositions as a higher rate on Carte d'Identites and other petty taxes for which the French Government was renowned. Nevertheless, there is one tax which hotels in Britain could copy with advantage, i. e., the tax of 10% on hotel bills. This struck me very forcibly when visiting London in 1935, to combine the Horse Show at Olympia and the Horse & Hound lunch. When dashing out of the hotel to the taxi in order to reach a train, there was a line of uniformed and other domestics, from the Head Porter to the Boots, the last one in the line and nearest the taxi getting the sous. The French method, surely, is a much fairer way of distributing the donations, to say nothing of the inconvenience, when one is pressed for time, of running about looking for the Domestics, getting the necessary change, etc.

During that hectic week before war was declared on Germany, and France was mobilizing, and when war was imminent, we sailed from Bastia, on the "Sampetro Corso", with the Peugeot, caravan and the trailer, the latter had its trailer attachment to the caravan fixed in Marseilles by a mechanic, who was in a hurry to join up and consequently his work was poor, and resulted in the tail of our train swinging to such an extent that it had to be readjusted on the trip between Marseilles and Argeles Gazost in the Haute Pyrenees, in which vicinity were both bear, wild boar and foxes. We brought over only 3½ couple of our best hounds, leaving the remainder with a chasseur in Corsica. We also had a couple of griffon vendeens, "Dilly and Dally", sister and brother, six months old, from which we expected great things in the future, as they were also the size wanted for the foxes in the Maquis in Corsica, the foxhounds being too big; two couple of foxhound puppies and two couples of puppies by a foxhound out of our braque bitch, and the latter, completed the outfit, the hounds being in the trailer and the puppies in a box behind the car, the remainder being distributed in the car, and the braque bitch "Dora", acting as guard on top of the luggage in the car.

When one looks back on things, and if one could have foreseen the future, I am not sure that we shouldn't have fared better in Corsica; one thing is certain, we should have had less travelling. On the other hand, the question of funds would have been difficult, and also there would have been the food problem, although, in Corsica there is al-

ways wine, cheese, milk, goats, walnuts and chestnuts, from which latter they made flour during the last war, called "farine de chataigne".

This trip, a distance of 600 kilometres, which took 10 days, was somewhat eventful. On the second day the screws holding the trailer attachment to the caravan came loose. This entailed a halt outside St. Giles, while the trailer was left on its camping site with the hounds, and the caravan had to be taken to a garage to have the attachment bolted through the floor of the latter. The following day the ball-bearings broke in a front hub, about six miles from the nearest garage, and it was luck that a mechanic could be collected to come out, and nothing would induce him to come till he had had his dejeuner interval, 12-2. This habit, both in France and Corsica, is most annoying, and you can't get anything done in any town during these hours, and also I discovered that it was bad policy to tackle a Frenchman between 11:30 to noon, i. e., if you wanted a favour done. After he had had his dejeuner and half a bottle of vin rouge, he was much more amenable.

On the evening of the third day, during a thunderstorm, the coracle, which was carried on the roof of the Peugeot, was blown off and was badly holed when it blew against the caravan.

The next day, a Sunday, we passed through a small town where they made nougat for the Royal family, and we were able to sample it.

On the last lap but one, just entering Montrejeau, the differential broke, which necessitated a day's halt while a new piece was wired for.

The next day we passed through Lourdes, and camped just beyond. Owing to the numerous breakdowns en route, when we arrived at Argeles Gazost funds were so low that there was not sufficient for petrol and provisions. As letters were being held up, owing to the Expeditionary Force coming over to France, nothing had arrived at the Post Office. The Postmaster was very helpful and suggested I should call on an English family, who kindly changed a cheque for 100 francs. The latter also gave us some useful local information, to the effect that no boat was allowed on the lake, and also that the road within a mile of the lake was practically impassable, and especially for our train. We last heard of them on the 18th June, 1940 at the British Consulate at Pau, where they were in difficulties as their passports had been sent to the Prefecture at Tarbes, and had not been returned, and until these were received their race to the frontier at Hendaye could not be continued.

We then started the climb up to Lac D'Estang where we intended to camp, and combine fishing on the lake with the coracle, and shooting and hunting the fox, wild boar and bear in the hills between there and the Spanish frontier, which was another ten kilometres. But the fates were against us. About half-way up we came to the electric light power station, on the torrent which ran down from the lake. At the bridge over this, a sentry stopped us, and the officer in charge of the guard, after seeing our papers, wouldn't let us proceed until they had been seen by the gendarmes, who, he said, were at Aucun, five miles further up in the hills. After explaining to him that we couldn't sit there in the road with all our dogs, till the gendarmes chanced to come down there, we compromised, by being allowed to pro-

Continued on Page Fifteen

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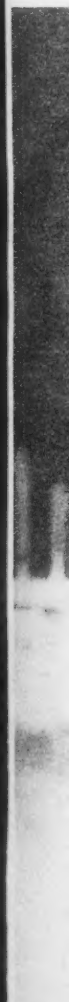
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## MILKMAN

MILKMAN, CUDGEL-MILKMAID, owned by Mrs. W. Plunket Stewart of Unionville, Pennsylvania, has a stud record. He stands at the Rolling Plains Farm, The Plains, Virginia where he will make the 1944 season.



Here is an interesting study of the "Horse of the Year" from a photograph in full color by Bert Clark Thayer, noted horse photographer. It is such an interesting shot of COUNT FLEET that it warrants publication a second time in recent weeks. Johnny Longden is up.

## THE LATE ENGLISH MPH



The late Col. Seymour Henry Bathurst, M. F. H., 7th Earl. He was probably the greatest authority on hound breeding and has published three books of hound pedigrees.

## AN A. F. BREWER INTERPRETATION



A painting by Sergt. A. F. Brewer, Jr., stationed at Orlando, Fla., showing a Florentine technique adapted to modern convention with organic stylization in perfect relationship to polo.



7, 1944

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# Reminiscences

Continued from Page Twelve

ceed with the trailer and the dogs, while the caravan was pushed into a field opposite the guard room, to be left there as a hostage for our return. In any case, we had decided while we waited and ate our lunch that the car would never succeed in manipulating a very sharp steep hair-pin bend, about 100 yards beyond the electric light works, as she had been puffing and blowing and boiling, coming up the hill from Argeles Gazost.

So we pushed off with the trailer and completed the hill, as we thought in great style, but lo and behold when glancing round on reaching a fairly level stretch of road a mile further up, no trailer was to be seen. The road was too narrow to turn so we continued till a turning up to a farm gave us room, and with our hearts in our mouths at the thought of the trailer having taken a header over the precipice down to the torrent, we descended the hill "ventre a terre", and as after one corner after another was passed without any sign we were beginning to visualise all sorts of horrible sights, such as the trailer, upside-down in the middle of the torrent, with its wheels still spinning, in a similar attitude to the first trailer which "Diana" (the name we had now christened the Peugeot) had left behind her ignominiously upside-down in a ditch on the road between Aix-en-Provence and Nice, where it had been retrieved from the mill where it had rested during our absence in England, a smaller Peugeot which had towed it, having been washed away out of the mill garage in a flood, and deposited also with its wheels in the air, and tied up in wire netting fence, hence the necessity for the purchase of "Diana".

However, as we descended the last bend of the road to the hair-pin bend, we spotted the trailer miraculously facing the way she should be, with her left wheel against the wall. If she had turned the other way there was nothing to have stopped her going over the end. Apparently when the trailer attachment underneath the car snapped, the sudden jolt threw the hounds forward and their weight acted as a brake. Our first thought was for the hounds, who appeared none the worse when we let them out, but very glad to see us again, and after getting them down to the torrent to give them a drink, and to examine the spot where the trailer ought to have deposited itself, we pushed the trailer close up to the wall, blocked its wheels, let down the legs and put the hounds back into it.

Then came the choice of two alternatives, the one was to return to the electricity works, where the guard might hold us up again, the other was to draw the villages shown on our map further up the hill across the torrent, in the hope of finding a smithy; we decided on the latter. The first village was blank. At the next, the smithy was full up with horses which wouldn't be finished till dark, but we were sent to a mechanic further up who did repairs, but as he was due to leave that evening to join up, we were advised to lose no time. It was only after explaining the plight of the hounds that we were Anglals, that he decided to tackle the job, which he didn't get finished till about 9 p. m.

As it had then been dark two hours, we saw visions of some mad driver of a lorry, with bad lights, descending the hill where the trailer

was, and crashing into it, as it also had no lights. But our luck held, and after stopping to see that everything was O. K., we descended to the electricity works to collect the caravan.

Then the trouble started again. The Sergeant who was then in charge said that the Officer wouldn't be back till the morning, and had left instructions that we were to be detained there till the gendarmes had seen out papers. "Could not the gendarmes be telephoned to come down now?" "No, it was too late." "Could we go up and feed the hounds?" "No, we could not", but one of the guards might be sent up during the night to visit the trailer.

In spite of the annoyance caused by the firm attitude taken up by the Sergeant, who was an old soldier as were all his guard, one couldn't help admiring his obedience to his orders, although he might have used a little more imagination about the hounds, and after deciding that "il n' etait pas un chasseur", we turned in.

Two gendarmes rolled up on their bicycles soon after it was light next morning, but they were more impressed with the trailer being left all night on the road without a light, than examining our papers. However, after satisfying themselves that we were not fifth column, and that the caravan didn't contain dynamite to blow up the electricity works, we were allowed to hitch up the caravan, and taking a run at the hill we took the hair-pin bend with just a little to spare, collected the trailer, fed the hounds and let them run behind till we found a field opposite a saw mill, where some Anglals had just hastily struck camp on account of the probability of War, which we declared on Germany two days later.

We weren't long before we were exploring the hills, and although we found foxes in most of the woods, the difficulty was to find a place where there were no sheep on the hills. At last we found a place where we had seen a litter of cubs in a wooded valley, and we arrived there early one morning with the intention of entering Dilly and Dally, the griffons who were then only seven months old. Bramble, the fell bitch, who, if there was a fox to be found could be depended upon to find it, was soon hustling the cubs around, and Dilly and Dally were just getting tired, when an infuriated farmer, accompanied by his son, both out of breath, appeared over the top of the ridge, and after he had recovered enough breath to speak, shouted out "Ne savez vous pas, que nous sommes en temps de guerre, est la chasse est fermee". After a somewhat heated discussion, it transpired that it was neither the war nor the chase that was worrying him, but that his sheep, which unknown to us, were on the other side of the ridge, having heard the hounds, had started careering down the hill where the farmer had seen them.

A few days later we nearly lost one of our best hounds "Wishful", who came from the Teme valley with Bramble. Some of the hounds in the day time were picketed out in the shade on the grassy bank above the torrent, the remainder being chained to 12 foot logs. They had just had their morning feed of a loaf of bread each, and we were having breakfast, when some of Dora's puppies started barking on the edge of the torrent, below the saw mill. On going across to see what was up, I discovered "Wishful" in the middle of the torrent, trying to scramble up onto a round, slippery rock, with the weight of the log and the chain pulling her back. It was a bit of a job getting to her, as it was just below

a rapid, and after getting her collar undone, she began to swim around in circles. When hauling her to the bank, I discovered that she was stunned from a nasty cut on the head. Apparently what had happened was that her loaf of bread, or part of it, had rolled down the bank, and trying to retrieve it she had dragged the log which had slid down the bank taking "Wishful" with it. As she had gone down three rapids it was a wonder she survived, as these torrents in the Pyrenees are not only rapid but also icy cold, even in summer. After a fortnight the gendarmes came with the information that no "strangers" were allowed to stay so near the frontier, so we moved camp to the other side of Argeles Gazost, camping in a field on the banks of the river Gave, but before taking the hounds out for a hunt permission was obtained from

the Maires of the various communes. We had several good hunts from here, the two griffons entering well, and it was a treat to see how they flew to Bramble when she found a fox.

The middle of October saw us in another winter quarters in the village of Beaucenis, and the following month a house was found near the Bains de Beaucenis, standing in private grounds where a shed was also found for kennels for the hounds. A large building contained a garage for four cars, with a stable adjoining to hold four horses, having above it a large loft for forage. As this building was full of rats, every evening after dinner the two griffons and all the puppies were turned into it and had a great time as soon as the electric light was turned on. Later when the horses came, the latter became

Continued on Page Eighteen

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# Horsemanship

By Margaret de Martelly

## THE EXTENDED GALLOP

A simple way of presenting a clear picture of the gallop is to define it as a three beat gait, three speeds forward. The horse's leg action in all three speeds is identical. There is the collected or schooled gallop which is the canter. There is the hand gallop which is a hacking gait. Finally and most thrilling of all, there is the extended gallop.

This is the gait with which we move through brush and timber, o'er moor and fen, ditch and panel, ears and eyes on the pack in full cry.

This is the gait of the cavalry charge, made immortal by the Cossacks of the Don and by such American heroes as Old Hickory Jackson, Sam Houston, Jeb Stuart, Grant, Lee McClelland and a long, long list. It is the gait of horsemen unafraid.

The canter is ridden with loin muscles completely relaxed, shoulders in rear of hips. The reason for this position is that the rider must utilize every ounce of his weight in co-ordination with hands, legs and voice, to maintain collection.

The hand gallop is an "off duty" gait. It is used in hacking or pleasure riding on the trails. The horse is neither extended nor collected but either state can be effected momentarily at the rider's wish. The horse, on a rather free rein, is watchful and ready to shorten or lengthen his stride at a signal from his rider. In other words, he is galloping "in hand".

The extended gallop means, literally, an extension of the lengths of the stride. Up to a certain point, the horse takes more strides per minute to increase speed. There is, of course, a limit to his ability in this respect. So, when urged by his rider, he increases the length of each stride or extends the gait.

It can be very upsetting (literally) to the rider who is not with his horse. This takes us back to one of the fundamental principles of the forward seat. That is, that the rider sits EXACTLY in that spot in the saddle where the thrust from the hocks is received, or, as far to the front as he can comfortably ride. In addition to sitting forward, the rider must, in extension, incline his shoulders forward. The reason for this position at the extended gallop are multiple. The most important reasons are as follows: (1) The horse is relieved of the burden of his rider's weight and the muscles which govern the movement of his legs are not impeded. (2) He is with his horse, directly in the line of thrust from seat to shoulders and will not be caught behind. (3) Because he is in balance, the rider is able to apply all aids efficiently.

Let us now examine the three reasons. In collection, the shoulders are in rear of the hips, loin muscles relaxed. This means that all of the rider's weight is imposed upon the horse's back. That is his power house as far as speed is concerned. So he has a tendency to collect and elevate his stride.

In extension, the shoulders are for-

ward, back hollowed and semi-rigid, chest out. If the rider's weight serves as an impediment when it is imposed, it naturally follows that the horse has the utmost freedom when relieved of weight.

Equally important is the need of keeping the shoulders in the line of thrust. The degree of forward inclination is determined by the arc described as the horse elevates and extends his hind feet in stride. After a little experience the rider knows when he is in or out of this line of thrust. All forward movement which is communicated to the rider, is initiated by the action of one or the other hind leg. Therefore, the rider must be governed by, and synchronize his movements with the movements of the hind legs.

In this position, he is in perfect balance and therefore is able to apply any or all of the aids at any time, with efficiency and co-ordination.

It probably seems ridiculous to say that the rider's security in the saddle is effected by the position of his chin. Anyone who thinks it is ridiculous is hereby invited to perform the following tests:

Assume the seat for the extended gallop, which is also the jumping seat. Relax the loin muscles, drop the chest and pull in the chin. Notice the lessening of contact at the insides of the thighs and a general feeling of looseness and insecurity.

Now hollow the back and hold it semi-rigid, chest out, chin up, heels down. The rider's legs will, at the insides of his thighs, be driven downward in vice-like contact, without constraint or gripping. His knees remain relaxed, insuring the ability to utilize the lower legs as aids. His heels are jammed down, ankles flexed, stirrup leathers bearing hard across the shins. He is ready for any kind of terrain, fences, ditches, slides, a shying horse or error on the part of the horse. His arms act independently of his body and there is less danger of punishment to the horse's mouth. At the flash of a second, he is able to sit down in the saddle, resist with his hands, squeeze with his calves and he still has enough breath to say "whoa".

There is one thing more. It is a trick which I learned from a darky sergeant which greatly facilitates jumping.

At this point I am reminded of a passage from one of Mary Roberts Rhinehart's books. In it, she referred to the gay nineties, when members of one sex politely supposed that members of the opposite sex went under-garmentless. This is not the gay nineties and so I may be forgiven if I wax earthy for a moment and speak of the seat of one's breeches.

A quick flip upward, of this particular region, at the exact moment that a horse takes off for a jump, will as if by magic, perfect the form of the rider. It will provide security and ease and a big thrill to a perfect jump. It cannot be done unless the rider's position is correct.

## Thoroughbreds

Continued from Page One

His sire was Marske, a horse whose turf career was only passable and of whom so little was thought after he was retired to the stud that he was sold to a farmer for a trifling sum and used to cover Half-bred mares for common purposes.

His dam was Spiletta. Not only was she a failure as a race mare—her pedigree is doubtful.

She was entered and raced as by Sedbury. Later on she was claimed to be by Regulus.

Though she lived to be twenty-seven years old she produced but five foals by Thoroughbred sires.

As she was being used as a brood mare almost all this time, the inference is that for many seasons she was being bred to non-Thoroughbred stallions; just as Marske was being bred to non-Thoroughbred mares. She never appeared upon the turf after she was three.

Eclipse was her second foal by a Thoroughbred sire. She was fifteen years old when she produced him and her only previous one amounted to nothing.

So here we have the background of the greatest Thoroughbred of all time:

Sire, a castoff stallion that for years was bred only to common mares for a nominal sum. This horse (Marske) when he got him, being thirteen years old and considered up to that time worthless as a sire of race horses.

Dam, a mare of similar status, that, as aforesaid, was fifteen when he was foaled.

Is it any wonder that when he came up for sale as a yearling at the auction of his breeder's stud—an executor's sale, that individual having died—he brought the sum of but \$225?

Following along, we find that when Eclipse made his turf debut his sire was nineteen years old, his dam was twenty—and both of them, until he appeared, without reputation as producers of speed.

It might be urged, as an offset, that all this happened long ago and modern conditions have suffered such a complete and utter change that it is not applicable as relating to them.

But that is beside the point.

Let it be at once granted that a horse with such a background as Eclipse, even if potentially as great, were he to appear today, would live and die unknown and unsung.

The point is that there were fashionable and unfashionable horses, bloodlines and breeding theories, then as now.

They are no modern invention.

Eclipse was a \$225 yearling by what was considered a no-account sire and out of a no-account dam.

But after he had astounded the world, there was a hustle to get possession of these hitherto practically worthless animals.

It is said that Marske was sold for \$20,000 to a Noble Duke. Spiletta also was drafted into a ducal stud. The price paid for her was never disclosed but was doubtless a high one.

Marske, being bred to good mares, got other good performers and producers; for although he had been a cast-off, he was a genuinely good stallion.

Spiletta, being past twenty by that time, produced but two foals after she was restored to "high society", neither of which ever set the track afire. But the year after she produced Eclipse she had an own sister

## Ration Points

### Ration Reminder

Gasoline—In 17 east coast states A-8 coupons are good through February 8. In states outside the east coast area A-9 coupons are good through January 21.

Sugar—Stamp No. 29 in Book Four is good for 5 pounds through January 15.

Shoes—Stamp No. 18 in Book One is good for 1 pair. Stamp No. 1 on the airplane sheet in Book Three is good for 1 pair.

Fuel Oil—Period 2 coupons are good through February 7 in all areas except the South, where they are good through January 24. Period 3 coupons, now valid in the Middle West, South, East, and Far West, remain good through March 13 in the Middle West, East, and Far West, and through February 21 in the South.

Meats, Fats—Brown stamps R and S are good through January 29. Brown stamp T becomes good January 9 and remains good through January 29.

Processed Foods—Green stamps D, E, and F in Book Four are good through January 20.

### Sugar Ration Remains Same

Sugar rations for home use will remain the same for another two and one-half months, according to the Office of Price Administration. Sugar stamp number 30 in War Ration Book Four becomes valid on January 16, and will be good for buying five pounds of sugar through the end of March. Sugar stamp 29, now in use, is good through January 15.

### Plenty Of Anti-Freeze

The nation's motorists are being oversold on anti-freeze and told of shortages that do not exist, according to the War Production Board. Production of alcohol anti-freeze for this winter is 50 percent more than last, WPB said, and asked motorists to watch their own needs and not to overload. Alcohol from which anti-freeze is made is a critical war material.

### Items No Longer Rationed

Pressure cookers and feed grinders and crushers have been removed from rationing. Because the supply of pressure cookers will not meet all uses, the approval of the War Food Administration is necessary for purchases of pressure cookers for other than food preservation uses. Application should be made to the Director, Office of Materials and Facilities, War Food Administration, Washington, D. C.

### Restrict Use of Freezer Space

To relieve the growing demand for cold storage "freezer" space, War Food Administration has excluded from such space lard (including rendered pork fat), cured meats, tallow, oleo oil, rendered suet, bones, lungs, udders, and horse meat. Commodities that may remain in freezer space for only a single period of 10 days are stomachs, pork skins, hearts, heads, ears, tripe, fries, melts, plucks, chitterlings, snouts, hocks, pork tails, pigs feet, veal tails and

Continued on Page Seventeen

### Dr. Freeland Dead

Dr. Freeland, chestnut, 1926, by \*Light Brigade—Toddle, by Celt, winner of the Preakness Stakes in 1929 and purses totalling \$152,335, died last week at John E. Hughes'

### Piedmont Farm near Middleburg,

Virginia. The death of this sire leaves only one sire at Piedmont Farms, Equistone, a son of Equipoise out of the Man o'War mare, Drystone.



BLUE RIDGE HUNT

Millwood, Clarke county, Virginia.  
Established 1888.  
Recognized 1904.



ROCK HILL HOUNDS

Rock Hill Farm, Bayard, (P. O. Front Royal), Warren County, Virginia.  
Established 1930.  
Registered 1939.



Fixtures For January, 1944

All meets at 11 A. M.  
Saturday 8th Carter Hall  
Wednesday 12th Springsbury  
Saturday 15th Red Gate  
Wednesday 19th Providence  
Saturday 22nd Mt. Airy  
Wednesday 26th Annefield  
Saturday 29th Rosney  
Alexander Mackay Smith, M. F. H.  
Hunting is by invitation only. A fixture card, properly received, will be considered an invitation to hunt.

Hunting license required by law. Anyone wishing to bring out guests must call the Master beforehand for permission. All visitors must pay the regular cap fee. The hour and place of meeting is subject to change because of weather or other conditions. The Boyce telephone operator will have definite information as to changes and by-days two hours before the scheduled time.  
Walter C. Lee, Secretary.

First Whip Joins Up

*It was almost the end of the season,  
Hunting was nearly done,  
But the first whip said, "There's a reason  
I'm wanting one last good run.*

*Next week I shall have to be going,  
The army is needing more men,  
And of course there is no way of knowing  
When I shall be hunting again.*

*The war news looks blacker and blacker,  
I guess we must all do our bit,  
I'd not have them call me a slacker,  
They need every man who is fit.*

*It's the hunting I hate to be leaving,  
It's the hounds and the horses I'll miss,  
Wherever I go I'll be grieving,  
There's no other country like this.*

*When from Kinney's the fox leaves the cover  
With thirty good hounds on his trail,  
And up Pugsley you're galloping over  
To take the stone wall with the rail;*

*Then swinging north for the double  
That crosses the old grassy lane  
And the bar-way that's often made trouble  
And over the open again;*

*When for Carpenter's cover they're facing,  
With good galloping country between,  
And hounds and the horses are racing  
And you're glad that your hunter is keen,—*

*Just think of me then and remember  
That no matter where I may be  
When there's frost in the air next September  
There's no place like Millbrook for me.*

*It's of hunting and good Autumn weather  
I'll dream when I'm off at the war,  
So just keep the country together  
Till this old world is peaceful once more.*

*There are two things I wish you'd remember,—  
Keep my little bay horse, if you will,  
And be thinking of me next November  
When you're galloping Pugsley Hill."*

(The above is from the pen of that great sportswoman, Mrs. F. H. Bontecou, wife of the Master at Millbrook. The whip is Aubrey Chadwell of the well-known fox hunting family. It was written in 1942.—Editor).

FRANKSTOWN HUNT

Altoona, Pennsylvania.  
Established 1933.  
Recognized 1939.



New Year's Day 1944

26 in the field. 7½ couples of English and American. The holidays at the Frankstown were properly celebrated by two excellent hunts. Unfortunately, the Christmas hunt had to be called off because of the weather, but Thursday, December 30, and Saturday, January 1, well made up for the loss of Christmas.

The annual blessing of the hounds was conducted as usual on the lawn in front of the Club House with Reverend Father Philip J. O'Donnell officiating. He gave the regular Catholic blessing and it was a beautiful sight with a group of hunters forming a semi-circle in front of the priest and the other spectators completing the circle behind him.

After the blessing, the Master and his professional staff gave the group an excellent hunt, although the ground was quite hard—almost like concrete. Nevertheless, they hunted the home country and then over into the Catfish section where they gave Mr. Guyer and his friends a good view of the hounds across the broad fields of the Grandview farm.

After about two hours, the group assembled at the Guyer homestead on Grandview farm where Mr. and Mrs. Guyer always give their annual sauerkraut dinner to the group. This sauerkraut dinner is emblematic of a successful year, and it is an annual treat for the group to go to this beautiful old homestead which was built in 1842 and has been restored so beautifully.

This made a perfect windup to a grand holiday season at the Frankstown.—G. P. G.

Ration Points

Continued from Page Sixteen

ox tails, kidneys, and knuckles. Use Copper In Tractor Radiators. Restrictions on the use of copper in farm tractor radiator fins and power takeoff gears have been removed by WPB. These uses of copper, particularly in radiators, not only will reduce time of manufacture of farm tractors, but will improve their field performance.

Tire, Tube Supply Still Low

Tire and tube quotas for January reflect the continuing shortage. The quota of 276,629 new truck tires is 13,890 less than the December figure, and the quota of 230,400 new truck tubes is 27,787 under the December figure. Similarly, a lessening  
Continued on Page Twenty

Racing In 1943

Continued from Page One

Thirty-two Thoroughbreds carried their silks to account for \$267,915 and place Calumet Farm at the top of the leading money winning stables, a position which it held in 1941 but which Greentree Stable held in 1942. Three fillies contributed more to putting their stable ahead, Mar-Kell, Miss Keeneland and Twilight Tear, Mar-Kell being voted the leading handicap mare of the year and winning \$48,265. Greentree Stable's entries won 57 races, 47 seconds and 40 thirds to accumulate \$235,770, placing their stable in 2nd place. The five leading money winning owners are:

Calumet Farm .....\$267,915  
Greentree Stable ..... 235,770  
John Marsch ..... 185,099  
Mrs. J. Hertz ..... 184,030  
H. P. Headley ..... 165,625

While the owners were competing for the lead, the trainers were likewise watching the figures so as to ascertain their standing at the end of the season. As Calumet Farm went ahead of Greentree Stable, Hirsch Jacobs saddled more winners to again take the lead according to winners, which marked the 10th year he has done so in the past 11 years, 1940 being the off year. His charges won 128 races last year but Calumet's Ben Jones trained 73 winners of \$267,915 to lead that division. Trainer Jacobs was 2nd with \$210,575. The 5 top trainers of winners follow:

H. Jacobs .....128  
W. Molter ..... 74  
B. A. Jones ..... 73  
Claude Feltner ..... 72  
E. Ninkoff ..... 62

Trainer Preston M. Burch finished 9th in this list with 49 winners but they accounted for \$167,872, placing him next to Trainer Jacobs for purses won.

The juvenile sire honors were "kept in the family" this past year. This was the 3rd year \*Bull Dog's juvenile progeny headed the money winning list, winning \$178,344. In 2nd place was a son of \*Bull Dog, Bull Lea whose 7 2-year-old winners won \$85,566. \*Bel Aethel (who died in June of last year) led his half-brother, \*Bull Dog for the leading sire in number of 2-year-old winners. This was his first crop and 15 were winners, \*Bull Dog having sired 14 winners as did Reaping Reward.

\*Bull Dog's outstanding juvenile was the full brother to the 1942 Futurity winner, Occupation. This youngster was Occupy, leading money winner in the 2-year-old division. Occupy duplicated the performance of Occupation in winning two futurities and earned \$112,949. George D. Widener's Platter was next with \$50,150 and Occupy's stablemate Jezrahel was a close 3rd with \$49,850.

The 5 leading 2-year-old sires according to money won are:

\*Bull Dog .....\$178,344  
Bull Lea ..... 85,566  
\*Pharamond II... 80,900  
Pilote ..... 73,195  
\*Cohort ..... 70,567

\*Bull Dog was purchased by the late Charles B. Shaffer of Coldstream

Letters To The Editor

Continued from Page Four

the publication of their stories in book or pamphlet form.

Very sincerely yours,

Georgie C. Rathborne

Westbury, L. I.  
January 3, 1944.

Beagles



Treweryn

Conditions permitting Treweryn Hounds will meet for January 1944.  
9—Radnor Hunt 3:00 P. M. Mr. and Mrs. Ira C. Keller invite the field to tea at Lenape Farm, Berwyn.  
16—Upper Hicks Farm, Boot Road 3:00 P. M.  
23—Messrs. Thomas Brothers' Farm 3:00 P. M.  
30—Bryn Clovis Farm 3:00 P. M. S. Stockton White and Cameron Macleod, Jr., Acting Joint Masters.

Stud and imported to this country in 1930. Added to his juvenile honors he was the leading sire of the year. His progeny earned \$367,771 (up to December 24, 1943). Since the records have been kept, only 5 other sires have headed both the juvenile list and the general sire list. These were Kingston, 1910; Star Shoot, 1912; Broomstick, 1915; Sweep, 1918 and High Time, 1928.

Finishing behind \*Bull Dog were \*Blenheim II, \$318,570; Reigh Count, \$249,097; Pompey, \$284,068; \*Pharamond II, \$222,142; Stimulus, \$199,872; \*Challenger II, \$199,444; Questionnaire, \$192,435; \*Sir Gallahad III, \$190,852; Blue Larkspur, \$184,516 and Menow, \$177,802 for the leading sires of the year.

The Jockey Johnny Longden-Count Fleet combination worked out successfully and the end of the season gave the Horse of the Year award to Count Fleet while Jockey Longden leads the jockeys for stakes winning mounts and also the leading money-winning rider. He was up on Count Fleet in the 5 stakes won by the Hertz color-bearer and won a total of 20 stakes with purses totaling \$290,222. For his season's racing, Jockey Longden piloted his mounts to win \$537,276. Jockey Atkinson was next with \$497,697 and Jockey Brooks 3rd with \$439,366.

Topping the list in the number of winners was Jockey Johnny Adams, the leader also last year and in 1937. Atkinson was in 2nd place in this division also, ridding 200 winners to Adams' 228. Jockey C. Kirk was 3rd with 178 and Longden and P. Roberts tied with 173 each.

The roster of horses who have won over \$100,000 in purses on the American turf listed 13 new names at the end of the season, headed by the earnings of Count Fleet, \$250,300. The other 12 are Marriage, \$180,280; Askmenow, \$138,135; Slide Rule, \$133,585; Thumbs Up, \$128,245; Devil Diver, \$124,794; Occupy, \$112,949; Some Chance, \$112,650; Apache, \$108,010; Boysy, \$104,805; Rounders, \$103,145; Vagrancy, \$102,480, and Bolingbroke, \$101,075.

There are many more figures such as new track records established, tracks, distribution of purses, etc., but a general summary would be that 1943 in the sporting world will be something to remember.

## Reminiscences

Continued from Page Fifteen

so used to this nightly chase that they continued to lie down, and often one of the dogs was seen balancing on the back of Coquette who was near the staircase up which most of the rats tried to escape.

At Christmas we cut a very fine Christmas tree, which later we took up to the school in the village and all the children were invited; for the occasion I was turned into a very ornamental Father Christmas in which my old scarlet hunting coat, with pieces of white cotton sewn about it, played a prominent part. The presents, which consisted of dolls for those children whose fathers were at the front and oranges for the remainder, were carried in a sack out of the head of which "Dilly" the griffon, appeared. We also took a snapshot with a magnesium flare of the receivers of the dolls, but these turned out a failure, as the lights were turned down and the light of the candles on the tree was not strong enough, but the children thoroughly enjoyed the show and the Maire sent his representative to express his appreciation.

It certainly had its effect as regards "la chasse". Whereas when we first arrived and hounds crossed a farmer's land, the farmer wanted to know who had given us permission to come there; after Christmas anybody who met us out hunting wanted to know "combien des renards avez vous pris".

At this period of their training the two griffons had arrived at that stage when they wanted to chase anything that ran. This might have caused some unpleasantness "parmi les Français". Fortunately, they chose some chicken of our landlady, a decent old soul, who had two sons at the front, who arrived one evening with a handful of dead hens which she deposited at our kitchen door with "Viola" and only asked the market price, but the menu was "potage a la poule" for several evenings after. As we hadn't any hens of our own to train them with, one was purchased locally and picketed out on a long line among all the puppies.

We decided to settle on this property for the duration of the war and to send for four mares which had been left at grass with other horses in Corsica, under the supervision of a Corsican friend, with whom also another caravan was left and various odds and ends mostly pertaining to the chase. Bad news came about the horses. It appeared that a butcher from Bastia had come down to the grazing to buy some cattle, and when driving these off had also taken our best mare, one which I always rode on account of its easy paces, driven her off to Bastia with the cattle and killed her for meat. Needless to say the matter was soon reported to the gendarmes and the last heard the butcher was going to be tried before the Tribunal, but up to the present, 1942, nothing is known of what happened.

Another mare, Coquette was reported to have wandered on to a farmer's property, who was holding her until the alleged damage was paid, while another, Paulette was also reported held by another farmer who had been using her, and also wanted paying for damage. She was eventually retrieved, in poor condition, and kept by our Corsican friend till fit to travel. She is still with him and apparently has been used by him instead of his car for which no petrol could be got. In-

structions were sent to him to breed from her the last two years, but it is doubtful if this has been done.

The fourth mare, Margot had been borrowed by another Corsican, who had used her for ten days and then put her back on the grazing with a damaged leg.

Coquette and Margot were eventually sent over and arrived by train early in February, and came in very useful for hunting on the hills, as it was a climb of an hour or more, although our best hunts took place along the river Gave.

It was on the return from one of these hunts, when leading the horses along a narrow path on the bank of the river, that Margot was nearly drowned. The path had been washed away by recent rains, and it was necessary to lead the horses up a steep bank. Margot lost her footing, slipped back, rolled down across the path and finally deposited herself on her back among a thick clump of brambles overhanging a deep pool, where she laid, apparently too scared to move. It was quite impossible to get to her, as there was a sheer drop of 10 feet, but after a few struggles, the brambles gave way and Margot took a header into the pool and disappeared from sight. It was hoped that she would try to swim up-stream as she would have struck shallow water in about 10 yards, but she decided otherwise, swimming like a good 'un downstream where there was no chance of landing for at least 150 yards on account of the high bank. She eventually struck a shallow, and after several attempts scrambled up the bank, apparently none the worse, except for a broken rein.

It was about this period of the war when the Expeditionary Force was having theatrical groups sent over from England to entertain the troops, and the R. A. F. was dropping leaflets over Germany instead of bombs, that we had a brain wave, wrote to Head Quarters of the B. E. F. and offering to bring up hounds, which had then been augmented by six couple from a French Duke, who had been mobilized, to hunt fox for the recreation of officers behind the lines. A reply was received "appreciating the kind offer, but as there were NO horses with the B. E. F., it was not feasible."

A somewhat exciting incident occurred when I went over with the trailer to St. Jean De Luz to collect this new addition to our pack. It transpired that four couple of these were young hounds who had never been outside their kennels or been walked out by the lady Secretary who was looking after them. However, after getting a list of their names and seeing them in kennel the previous evening, they were got into the trailer with some difficulty the following morning and a start was made. Everything seemed to be going O. K., except that one bitch who was put in the back of the car, as she was in season, started to have "mal de mer" down my neck after an hour's journey. Shortly after, when descending a short hill at about 60 kilometres an hour, the pin came out of the coupling and the trailer crashed into a tree on the side of the road on the top of a steep bank. The loss was not discovered till another 3 kilometres had been covered, and you can imagine the sight one expected to be met with on the return to retrieve the trailer. The force of the impact against the tree had split the roof of the trailer in two, and not a sign was to be seen of the terrified hounds. I first drew the country on the side where the

trailer was, and at last spotted one hound among some vines. As he was an old hound he allowed himself to be caught as soon as his name was found from the list in my pocket, and he was duly put in the back of the Peugeot, and word was sent by a passing car to a garage to fetch the trailer and patch it up, while the search was continued.

As luck would have it, I had forgotten to bring a hunting horn with me, not that this would have helped much, as the young hounds had probably never heard one, but, with information received from various houses and farms, all were collected by dark, except one young hound who wasn't retrieved till late the following afternoon. They turned out to be the wildest lot of hounds I have ever come across.

After a few weeks of walking them out, when some discipline had been got into them, they were taken up in the hills to a covert which was full of foxes, but going up a path on the way up to this, they viewed something and away they went up the path in full cry out of sight, all except Bramble who returned, turned down across some fields towards a village when we viewed them, closely pursuing two goats, the youngest of which they bowled over within a hundred yards of the village, which, by this time, was in an uproar, as being a Sunday, a day always devoted to "la chasse" in France, all the villagers were in the streets. Before we could get to them, a woman had streaked out across the field from her house with a big bush in her hand, with which she belaboured the hounds and rescued her goat. The hounds then got the line of the mother goat, which they chased till they ran her to bay in the middle of a torrent, where we came up to them before they did any further damage, when they were coupled and well-beaten.

While this was going on, a guard-champetre appeared, with whom we had to return to the village, to see the owner of the goats, who was by then bemoaning the loss of the young goat, which on examination was found to have only two bites, one in

the neck, the other on its quarters. These we dressed with iodine and after 400 francs were deposited with the owner the goat was hobbled, placed on the side of the Peugeot, and arrived back with the hounds, and put in a stall in the kennels where she used to perch herself on a window ledge. When the hounds were out she was picketed outside, but whenever the hounds were out exercising, "Mary" as she was named, invariably marched in front, except when she got behind to gather a tasty morsel on the side of the road, when she galloped through the hounds to her place in front again.

The Spring of this most eventful year-to-be, 1940, saw the invasion of Norway and Denmark.

Easter Monday we celebrated by giving a dinner to the Maires of the different communes over whose land we hunted, and a few other people who had helped us. After toasting the King and the French President, I got on my hind legs and explained that it was the custom in England to invite all the farmers, over whose land the hounds hunted, to a dinner, but that owing to the number of small landowners in this district this was not feasible, and therefore the Maires were invited as representative of them. The evening finished with one of the Maires trying to sing all the songs of the Pyrenees with an indifferent chorus from his compatriots, one of whom had brought a concertina.

One would have hardly known in this area that there was a war on; coupons were being issued for petrol and the glasses of head lamps had to be painted blue, and arrangements had been made for evacuees, but it wasn't till the Boche had invaded Holland and Belgium early in May that things began to move, as evacuees began to come south from the parts in the north where the B. E. F., Belgian and French were falling back on Dunkirk. The individual Frenchman had such faith in his Maginot line that once it was turned they lost all faith in their Army and their Government.

To be continued

## The Real Estate and Insurance Directory

## GARRETT INSURANCE AGENCY

All Lines of Insurance  
LEESBURG, VIRGINIAD. H. LEES & CO., INC.  
Real Estate and  
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Complete Listings,  
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Tel: 310Armfield & Harrison  
INSURANCE AGENTS  
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COMPLETE PROTECTION  
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## Banking Directory

## THE FAUQUIER NATIONAL BANK

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits \$375,000.00  
Warrenton, Va. Telephones 83 and 84  
Branch at The Plains Telephone Plains 83

## LOUDOUN NATIONAL BANK

1870 1943  
Leesburg Virginia



# Sedgefield Hunt

Continued from Page Three

was a special one particularly set in honor of Captain Nathan M. Ayers of the Army Air Forces, President of the Sedgefield Horse Show, Inc., and one of the most loyal Hunt members. It was indeed a pleasure to have Captain Ayers riding again and in the absence of Acting Joint-Master Mrs. Slane, unfortunately ill with the flu, Captain Ayers was asked to ride up front with Joint-Master Rochelle.

It was fortunate that the special fixture was scheduled for Friday, December 24, because Christmas Day brought a solid sheet of ice on the earth that neither horse, man, nor car could negotiate safely. However, warmed up temperatures took away the ice Sunday, and on Monday, December 27, the meet was at Adams' farm at 2:30 p. m. with a field of approximately fifteen present. The day was warm—almost hot. The hounds found a line and worked diligently for possibly an hour and three-quarters before it became really hot. The next hour and three-quarters resulted in possibly the hardest riding that the Hunt has had all season. Instead of a more or less regular route which a fox usually runs in this section, this particular fox adopted a new method. He twisted and turned and took the hounds and the field through the Adams and Boren properties three times before setting off on a circuitous route to the Armstrong estate which is five or six miles West of the casting point. The field dashed through the yard of the Armstrong home, which faces the Jamestown-Guilford College road, to find that the fox had not crossed the road but had doubled back again towards the Adams property. Again he resumed his turning and twisting tactics.

Part of the country is rough and the deep mud and slippery trails had, by this time, taken quite a bit out of the horses. By the time the riders hit the East-West road passing the Adams farm and joining the Jamestown-Guilford College road at right angles, Huntsman Thomas, Whipper-In Clay Welker who is home on vacation from Augusta Military Academy in Virginia, and acting in his father's place, M. F. H. Rochelle and the field, consisting of only Betty Rankin, Shirley Redding, Claude Sutton, and Johnny Winfree remained. The Master and the remaining field elected to hack on toward the stables—some miles away—in order to reach there by dark. Huntsman Thomas and Whipper-In Welker again took to the woods and field to find the elusive fox marked to earth in an almost inaccessible place with hard-working hounds angrily trying to dig him out. The hounds were lifted and the Huntsman and Whipper-In and hounds arrived at the stables after dark.

Out for the first time with the hunt with new owners was Black Bonnet, a six-year-old personal hunter of A. C. Alexander of Pinehurst, and purchased and ridden with the Hunt for the first time by M. F. H. Rochelle. Johnny Winfree was up on Red Flight, a Christmas present from his father to him, and purchased from Mrs. Allen H. Watkins. Both horses stood the grueling ride well, but appeared rather tired as underfoot conditions were about as bad as it is possible for them to get and a field be able to travel with any speed at all.

The fixture scheduled for Wed-

# The Sporting Calendar

## Racing

23-April 10, 1944—Hippodromo de las Americas, Mexico City, Mexico.

### OCTOBER

23-Feb. 22, 1944—Fair Grounds Breeders and Racing Ass'n., Inc., New Orleans, La. 65 days.

### STAKES AND FEATURES

OLD HICKORY 'CAP, 6 f., 4 & up, Sat., Jan. 8 \$3,000 Added  
SPANISH FORT CLAIMING STAKES, 1 1-16 ml., 3-yr.-olds, Tues., Jan. 11 \$2,500 Added  
CRESCENT CITY 'CAP, 1 1/2 ml., 4 & up, Sat., Jan. 15 \$3,500 Added  
TIE GARDENIA (A/c's), 6 f., 3-yr.-olds, fillies, Tues., Jan. 18 \$3,000 Added  
ROBERT E. LEE 'CAP, 1 1-16 ml., 3-yr.-olds, Wed., Jan. 19 \$5,000 Added  
MCDONOUGH 'CAP, 5 1/2 f., 4 & up, Sat., Jan. 22 \$3,000 Added  
BELL GROVE 'CAP, 6 f., 3-yr.-olds, Tues., Jan. 25 \$3,000 Added  
LAKES CHARLES 'CAP, 1 1-16 ml., 4 & up, Wed., Jan. 26 \$5,000 Added  
EVANGELINE 'CAP, 6 f., 3 & up, fillies & mares, Thurs., Jan. 27 \$3,000 Added  
SHEVEPORT 'CAP, 6 f., 4 & up, Sat., Jan. 29 \$3,000 Added  
THE GULF COAST (A/c's), 1 ml., 2 & 70 yds., 3-yr.-olds, Sat., Jan. 29 \$5,000 Added  
THE CABILDO (A/c's), 1/4 ml., 3-yr.-olds, colts & geldings, Tues., Feb. 1 \$2,500 Added  
THE AZALIA (A/c's), 1 1-16 ml., 3-yr.-olds, fillies, Wed., Feb. 3 \$3,000 Added  
LAKE PROVIDENCE 'CAP, 6 f., 3-yr.-olds, Fri., Feb. 4 \$3,000 Added  
NATCHITOCHES 'CAP, 1 1-16 ml., 4 & up, Sat., Feb. 5 \$5,000 Added  
CHALMETTE 'CAP, 1 ml. & 70 yds., 3-yr.-olds, Tues., Feb. 8 \$3,000 Added  
THE PONTABLO (A/c's), 1/4 ml., 3-yr.-olds, fillies, Tues., Feb. 8 \$2,500 Added  
FAIR GROUNDS CLAIMING STAKES, 1 1-16 ml., 4 & up, Wed., Feb. 10 \$2,500 Added  
GENTILLY 'CAP, 6 f., 4 & up, Fri., Feb. 11 \$3,000 Added  
LOUISIANA DERBY (A/c's), 1 1/2 ml., 3-yr.-olds, Sat., Feb. 12 \$15,000 Added  
LECOMPTÉ 'CAP, 1 ml. & 70 yds., 3 & up, Tues., Feb. 15 \$3,000 Added  
PRIORRESS 'CAP, 1 ml. & 70 yds., 3 & up, fillies & mares, Sat., Feb. 19 \$3,000 Added  
FAIR GROUNDS DINNER STAKES, 1/4 ml., 2-yr.-olds, Thurs., Feb. 17 \$2,500 Added  
NEW ORLEANS 'CAP, 1 1-16 ml., 3 & up, Sat., Feb. 19 \$2,500 Added  
THE ST. CHARLES (A/c's), 1/4 ml., 3-yr.-olds, Mon., Feb. 21 \$3,000 Added  
MARSH GRASS 'CAP, 5 1/2 f., 3 & up, Tues., Feb. 22 \$2,500 Added  
WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY 'CAP, 1 1-16 ml., 3-yr.-olds, Tues., Feb. 22 \$3,500 Added

### DECEMBER

25—Caliente, Tijuana, Mexico.

### STAKES

CALIF. BREEDERS STAKES, 1 ml., 3-yr.-olds, Sun., Jan. 9 \$5,000 Added  
BALBOA CLAIMING STAKES, 1 ml. & 70 yds., 3 & up, Sun., Jan. 16 \$1,500 Added  
SOMBREIRO 'CAP, 1 ml., 3 & up, Sun., Jan. 23 \$1,500 Added  
THE SENORITA, 7 f., 3 & up, fillies and mares, Sun., Jan. 30 \$1,500 Added  
CORONADO 'CAP, 1 1-16 ml., 3 & up, Sat., Feb. 6 \$1,500 Added  
SPEED 'CAP, 6 f., 3 & up, Sat., Feb. 30 \$3,000 Added  
MOCTEZUMA 'CAP, 6 f., 3-yr.-olds, Sat., Feb. 27 \$1,500 Added  
AZTEC 'CAP, 1 1-16 ml., 3 & up, Sat., March 5 \$5,000 Added  
CALIENTE DERBY, 1 1-16 ml., Sat., March 12 \$5,000 Added  
MUCHACHO PURSE, 4 f., 3-yr.-olds, Sat., March 19 \$1,500 Added  
CALIENTE 'CAP, 1 1/4 ml., 3 & up, Sat., March 26 \$10,000 Added

### JANUARY

7-March 14—The Miami Jockey Club, Inc., Hialeah, Fla.  
HIALEAH PARK INAUGURAL 'CAP, 6 f., 3 & up, Fri., Jan. 7 \$5,000 Added  
HIALEAH STAKES, 6 f., 3-yr.-olds, Sat., Jan. 8 \$5,000 Added  
PALM BEACH 'CAP, 7 f., 3 & up, Sat., Jan. 15 \$5,000 Added  
BAHAMAS 'CAP, 7 f., 3-yr.-olds, Sat., Jan. 22 \$5,000 Added  
MIAMI BEACH 'CAP, 1 1-16 ml., (on turf), 3-yr.-olds, Sat., Feb. 5 \$5,000 Added  
BLACK HELEN 'CAP, 1 1/2 ml., 3 & up, fillies & mares, Sat., Feb. 12 \$5,000 Added  
THE MCLENNAN, 1 1/2 ml., 3 & up, Sat., Feb. 19 \$7,500 Added  
EVENING 'CAP, 7 f., 3 & up, fillies & mares, Tues., Feb. 22 \$5,000 Added  
THE FLAMINGO, 1 1/2 ml., 3-yr.-olds, Sat., Feb. 26 \$15,000 Added  
THE WIDENER, 1 1/4 ml., 3-yr.-olds, Sat., March 4 \$25,000 Added  
HIALEAH JUVENILE STAKES, 3 f., 2-yr.-olds, Sat., March 4 \$5,000 Added

### FEBRUARY

28-April 1—Oaklawn Jockey Club, Hot Springs, Ark. 30 days.

### MARCH

6-April 8—Gables Racing Ass'n., Tropical Park, Coral Gables, Fla.

### APRIL

29-May 15—Sportsman's Park, National Jockey Club, Cicero, Ill. 14 days.

### MAY

16-June 17—Lincoln Fields Jockey Club, Inc., Crete, Ill. 29 days.

### JUNE

19-Aug. 3—Arlington Park Jockey Club, Inc., Arlington Heights, Ill. 40 days.

### AUGUST

4-Sept. 7—Washington Park Jockey Club, Inc., Homewood, Ill. 30 days.

### SEPTEMBER

9-Oct. 17—Hawthorne Chicago Business Men's Racing Ass'n., Cicero, Ill. 34 days.

### OCTOBER

18-Nov. 4—Sportsman's Park, National Jockey Club, Cicero, Ill. 30 days.

nesday, December 29, had to be called off because of inclement weather. —T. V. R.

# American Officer

Continued from Page Two

men and to sit down with them to an excellent American dinner. Afterwards, sitting in front of the fire and smoking a very good cigar,—with which all American soldiery are apparently provided—we talked of sport, NOT of the fighting which they had been through; for these men were getting a well-earned rest, and I gathered that they were being very hospitably treated by the dwellers in this part of the world.

"There doesn't seem to be anything they won't do for us," my host said; "one chap took me out shooting the other day. I didn't get a pheasant, but I got a couple of rabbits. There seems to be a lot of game about."

I said nothing at the time; but when I got home that night, I rang up a neighbour of mine who lives on a big estate not far from here, where there is really good shooting and plenty of game carefully preserved under the care of an excellent game-keeper. I explained to her the desire of my fellow countryman to get some good "rough shooting"—as they call it over here—and she immediately asked me to bring him over to lunch on the following day, when she said she would love to take him out shooting herself. The Colonel couldn't get off for lunch, but about half past one the next day he picked me up in the "jeep" again and we motored up to Southover, as my friend's estate is called. I'm not a shooting man, but I walked along with the others to see the fun and carry any of the game which might be killed.

There are many game-keepers who are inimical to hunting and we Masters of Hounds are rather chary of bringing up the subject; but the keeper who was out that day seemed to be a sportsman and he immediately began telling me of the foxes which were to be found in the coverts over which he watched. I hope he was telling me the truth, because I'm going to take hounds there pretty soon and see for myself.

Our hostess and the Colonel were walking along the water-meadows which were bordered by a likely-looking covert; and presently the two black retrievers ranging through the thickets put up a brace of pheasants—one of which came within range and fell to our hostess's gun. To describe that afternoon's sport would be merely repetition, but I must say that even I, who have lived in this County for fifteen years, didn't realize that game was quite so plentiful. I don't suppose we were out for more than a couple of hours and during that time three brace of pheasants, a couple of hare, and several rabbits fell to the guns, and many others got away. As the Colonel said to me that night as we drove home, it seems inconceivable that there is so much game in this little island.

But there it is for a fact, and the

# The Tautz Coat

Continued from Page Six

outsider; If he's a gent, who the mischief's a jock? You swells mostly blunder; he rides for the plunder, He rides, too, like thunder, and sits like a rock.

She rose when I hit her; I saw the stream glitter, A wide scarlet nostril flashed close to my knee.

Between sky and water, The Clown came and caught her, The space that he cleared was a caution to see."

and concluded by saying:

"These colors which have become so noted at Meadowbrook, Belmont, Pimlico, Saratoga and The Country Club, made their success through the wonderful care and thought which 'Dolph' Wheeler gave my horses; and while the Trophies which you see on the casket are all engraved with my name, the credit should really be given to Wheeler, who was almost the last of the great colored trainers; and when my colors flashed first and second in the \$9,000 Grand National Steeplechase in 1901, trailed by the Eaton Blue, Brown Cap of William C. Whitney carried by The Batchelor, which held the 4-mile record for America and eleven other cracks from Canada and the states, every colored man in the multitude that had gathered on that rare day in June applauded 'Dolph' to the echo as he led both Sacket and King T off the track at Sheephead Bay."

My readers can well imagine my feelings. There lay the true sportsman who, year after year, had revered me and my riding, thinking there was none could equal the man from Worcester "between the flags."

The corpse was attired in its owner's best clothes, and I was proud indeed to see the Tautz coat around the lifeless shoulders. Waiting a few minutes after the ceremony, I stepped up to the undertaker, gave him a good fee and said:

"I am sure 'Dolph' would rather I have the Tautz coat than have it eaten by worms; so substitute some other garment and express me the coat."

This he did, and now for almost fifty years the garment has had its regular airings when I have ridden, judged or attended great sporting events in America.

nicest part about it is that the sport-loving people of Great Britain are always ready to share it with their friends; particularly with their guests from the United States who are fighting side by side with them now.

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# In The Country:-



## To Camden

The Tom Wallers have left their Tanrackin Farm at Bedford Hills, New York and are wintering in Camden, South Carolina. They plan to return to the north around the middle of April.

## Sedgefield Visits Moore County

Joint-Master T. V. Rochelle, Mrs. Rochelle and Charles L. Kearns, secretary-treasurer and Honorary Whipper-In of the Sedgefield hunt, went down to Southern Pines on Thursday, December 23 and hunted with the Moore County hounds. Mr. Kearns purchased a grey gelding named *Cinders* from Mrs. Ralph Trix and M. F. H. Rochelle had previously purchased *Black Bonnet* from A. C. Alexander. These sales were made through the W. O. Mosses, Master and Whipper-In of Moore County hounds while ex-Master Jackson Boyd is in the service. Mr. Moss was Whipper-In to Mr. Boyd when he hunted his home town. Mr. Alexander is Field Master of the Moore County hounds. The visitors enjoyed the hunt very much and the Sedgefield Hunt has issued an invitation to Moore County to hunt with them in the near future.

## St. James

Thoroughbred breeding lost one of its good sires when George D. Widener's St. James, 22-year-old stallion by *Ambassador IV*—*Bobolink II*, by *Willonix*, died at the Old Kenney Farm on December 16. Bred by A. B. Hancock, St. James was sold to Mr. Widener for \$9,000. His racing record indicated 7 outings in which he won 4, placed twice and was once 4th, earning \$95,035. He entered the stud in 1925 and through 1942, 129 of his progeny were winners of 1,235 races and \$1,186,075. At the time of his death, St. James this year had 14 winners of 40 races although his recent crops have been small due to his limited stud duty.

## Winter Schooling Shows

The winter schooling shows for the 1944 season will be held at The Armory of the 107th Cavalry, 2500 E. 130th Street, Shaker Heights, Ohio on Sundays beginning at 2 p. m. The shows will be held in January on the 9th and 23rd; in February on the 6th and 20th; in March on the 5th and 19th and 2nd of April. No admission charge will be made except for the final show and at all shows, there will be classes for senior and junior riders.

## New Year's Party

The Chronicle was kindly invited to a most hospitable luncheon spread by the United Hunts on Thursday last in the office of the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association. Whatever lonely feelings our New York representative may have had at being the only one present from The Chronicle were quickly and easily dispelled when he got firmly

established on the receiving end of the good things dispersed by the management. Prime birds and vintages seem to be handled as easily as race meeting details by Lew Waring and his staff and a representation gathering of sportsmen of all ages and from various parts of the country were on hand to test their skill.

## Deborah Wilder Comes Out

At their country home in Dundee, Illinois, the Emery Wilders received more than seven hundred guests on New Year's Day. It was the debut of their older daughter, Deborah. The tall, black eyed, black haired debutante was a lovely picture in her red velvet gown and she carried gardenias. There was no dearth of uniforms even though her friends are scattered to the four corners of the world. The Wilders are members of the Fox River Valley Hunt. Deborah will be a very busy debutante as she is a very faithful nurse's aid in nearby Elgin.

## Merry Xmas

The members of the Sedgefield Hunt did not forget their hard working hunt staff during the Christmas season and remembered Joint-Master Earl N. Phillips by giving him two handsome volumes of *The Story of American Fox-Hunting* and signed their names after the following inscription on the fly-leaf: "Presented to Earl Norfleet Phillips, M. F. H., of the Sedgefield Hunt in appreciation of ten years' enthusiastic service as Master, and as an expression of sympathy in missing many of the 1943 fall fixtures because of a nasty spill". Huntsman George Thomas was also remembered with a substantial financial gift from the hunt, as well as many individual gifts from the members of the hunt.

## Kobzina-O'Keefe

One of the Eastern show circuit's most enthusiastic owner-riders will be riding in the ring under a new name after February 5. Ruth O'Keefe whose Pine Brook entries in the ring have accounted for many ribbons will marry Lt. Robert A. Kobzina at St. James Church, Warrenton, Virginia on that date.

## Bride-Elect

Phyllis Havenstrite's engagement to Dr. Cameron Baldwin Hall of San Francisco has just been announced by her parents, the Russell Havenstrites of Holmby Hills. Phyllis is best remembered for her enthusiasm and work on the women's polo team while a student at Douglass School, Pebble Beach, and for her participation in shows and hunter trials with her own Thoroughbred, *Pepper*. Later, when Phyllis went East to school, she took the beautiful chestnut mare, *Yellow Sleeves*, with her, who was shown so successfully throughout California her first season out by her previous owner, Dick Collins.

## Goes To Boot Camp

Margaret Watt of San Mateo leaves in a month for "boot camp", having enlisted in the women's division of the Marines. *Rockabye*, her seasoned veteran of the show ring, will be left in pasture, but Margaret plans on selling her two home-bred youngsters. Her mother, Mrs. Rolla Watt, will join her husband, now a Lieutenant in the Coast Guard, Mounted Patrol Division, at his station in

## Ration Points

Continued from Page Seventeen

in demand which usually occurs during the colder months accounts for lower January quotas for farm tractor and farm implement tires and tubes. The tire quota is 27,600—lower by 4,600 than the December figure, while the January tube quota is 23,000—lower by 9,200.

## Cheddar Cheese for Civilians

Civilians will continue to receive about 30 million pounds a month of cheddar cheese although manufacturers are required to set aside 30 percent of their output during January and February to meet war requirements. In addition to cheddar cheese, civilians receive almost all of the other types of cheese produced, bringing their total supply to about 45 million pounds a month.

## Release Peaches To Civilians

Approximately 750,000 cases of canned peaches, previously set aside for government purchase, have been released for civilian supplies and will reach some retail markets within a few weeks.

## Bean, Pea Allocations for 1944

Civilians will receive 11,500,000 bags (100 pounds each) or half of the supply of dry beans allocated for all needs in 1944. Twenty-nine percent of the 1944 supply of dry peas—two million bags—also will go to civilians. This means civilians will have available an average of about 8.9 pounds of beans and 1.6 pounds of peas during the coming year. This is slightly larger than the per capita consumption of dry beans in the 1942-43 crop year and is a much larger consumption of dry peas than for any previous calendar year.

Northern California after Margaret's departure leaving Gold Coin and Canuck to keep Rockabye company until after the war.

## Voorhees And Nathan

Virginia Voorhees and Maynard L. Nathan, Jr., U. S. M. C., are engaged to be married according to word received from San Diego. Ginger and Buzzie are two of the most popular junior members of the Gymkhana Club at San Mateo. Ginger has always done well with her gray hack, *Stormy Weather*, and learned a bit about saddlebreds at Stephens College; while Buzzie, before his enlistment, was showing *Look Out Willy* to many wins in cross country classes.

## New Year's At Caveland

The A. R. "Pete" Dunning held wide the door on New Year's Day and there entering the portals of their Caveland Farm, near Boyce, Va., were two score and more of followers of the Blue Ridge Hunt and Rock Hill Hounds. Saying "Happy New Year" were the A. Mackay Smiths, he the M. F. H. of Blue Ridge and Rock Hill; the William Bell Watkins, and he a former M. F. H.; Mrs. Graham Dougherty, whose husband is Provost Marshall of the London area; the Graham Doughertys, Jr., proud parents of twins recently born; Capt. and Mrs. Ewart Johnston, the George P. Greenhalghs, Mrs. Richard E. Dole, Mrs. Bronson Schonk, Mrs. Schlem, Lieut. and Mrs. Samuel Birch, Major and Mrs. Kenneth N. Gilpin, the Stewart Bells, Jr., Mrs. Burwell Jacobs, Mrs. Billy Greenhalgh, Mrs. Thomas Byrd, the Walter Lees, Mrs. A. Sommaripa, Lucy Byrd, Agnes Mitchell, Virginia Watkins, Valda Boy-Ed, Polly Winslow, Charlotte Meade, Midshipman Beverley Randolph, George H. Burwell, Tom H. B. Meade and others.

## Lieut. Col. Devereux, Now Prisoner Of Japs, Has Plans For His Son

Samuel J. Henry sent The Chronicle a few notes about Lieut. Col. James Patrick Devereux writing to his 10-year-old son Patrick from a Japanese prison camp near Shanghai. Mr. Henry added the following notes:

"These Devereux, there are several of them, are famous riders, hunters and cross-country men. I have known them all from youth. One day, many years ago, I called at the old homestead on Bradley Lane in Chevy Chase, Maryland, and they had *Dynamite*, their all 'round sporting pony, upstairs in their bedroom. I believe they finally landed *Dynamite* in bed."

A Major at the time of his imprisonment shortly after the outbreak of the war, he evidently had not known of his promotion as his letter was still signed Major. This was the fourth letter received from the former Fort Myer horseman. He asked his son to have his grandmother to see that he was given swimming and riding lessons. He was not particularly anxious that young Patrick be an accomplished rider when he returned, but he did want him to like riding, as the Lieutenant Colonel has plans for his youngster giving him a hand in schooling the horses on the farm when the war is over.

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WANTED—Teaser for breeding establishment. For details and particulars contact Dr. William Caslick, North Wales, Warrenton, Virginia, Phone 794-J. tf

FOR SALE—Heavyweight, sound Irish Hunter 17.1 gelding purchased as 4-year-old at Dublin Show in 1937. Been hunted regularly with Radnor Hunt until December 1942; turned out since as owner not hunting. Good home main consideration. Price \$200. Happy Hollow Farms, Malvern, Penna. Address reply—Mr. W. C. Hunneman, Jr., 1608 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. 1t c

FOR SALE—Grey gelding, hunter-hack, 8 years, 16.2, sound, good manners. Can be seen at Oxridge Hunt Club, Darien, Conn. 1t c



7, 1944

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